Mass Hortic Society

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

VOLUME { LIX. OLD SERIES. / XXXVI. NEW SERIES. BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1881. ESTABLISHED, 1822. / RE-ISSUED, 1849. { NUMBER 47.

New England Farmer.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

DARLING & KEITH,

31 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

A. W. CHEEVER, ... AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

TERMS,

INCLUDING POSTAGE.

For One Year, if not paid in advance, $2 65
For One Year, cash in advance, ... 2 15
For Six Months, in advance, ... 1 08
At expiration of year, ... 3 15

Single Copies, Five Cents.

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DARLING & KEITH,

31 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

PORK AS A FARM CROP.

Home, fame and place,
The virtues of our race,
Men, manners, mind,
And comforts of mankind!
—Good catalogue.

A patron of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, who has been a lifelong reader, enters a complaint against the Editor, because there is too little in its columns concerning pork raising as a branch of profitable agriculture. Perhaps he is right. The truth is, if it must be told, we do not like a hog any way, no matter how many or how few legs he may walk on. The name itself is not a promoter of pleasant memories. It arouses no tender sympathies or generous sentiments. It is a symbolism for stubbornness, selfishness and gluttony.

We have three specimens now in process of fattening, which we should judge had descended directly from a pair that may have escaped drowning some eighteen hundred or more years ago, and had absorbed more of the evil spirit than ought to be manifested in a whole generation of mankind. We can claim ownership in these receptacles of the evil spirit, since they were four weeks old, and have had ample opportunity for studying their characteristics; and we can affirm unhesitatingly, that from that date to the present, they have never found a trough long enough for all three to occupy at once. They learned to fight long before they ever learned to eat, and certainly appear now to enjoy fighting much better than eating. A nine-foot trough is about the right length for two to eat from at once, provided there is a good partition between them, but it is entirely too short for three. And yet they have grown as well, and fattened as fast, as any swine we have fed for years. They have had all the skimmed milk they needed through the summer, and are now eating twelve quarts of corn meal daily, in addition. They are fed three times a day, and at every feeding, two do the eating while the third attends to the music, and *such* music. One would think it was Thanksgiving week, only the parts are better sustained.

We have heard men contend that every householder in the country ought to keep at least one hog to consume the waste of the kitchen, and we have known men who never wasted enough during their whole life time, to feed a hog a year, keep two or more constantly, as they said, for their *company*. How various are the motives to action! When a young housekeeper asks our advice about keeping a pig to grow pork for home use, we are inclined to ask that young housekeeper what will sustain life longest, the pig in the barrel, or the good food the pig ate while growing. Yet there is economy in raising pork when it can be produced chiefly from material that is not already good human food. There is very little profit obtainable from feeding good corn meal, or good, sweet skimmed milk to swine, and we wish there were far less than there is; and there will be less when people learn the true value of these two articles of food. According to its true worth, pure milk is probably valued by the American people, less than almost any article of food sold in our market, and until public sentiment changes, it will still pay something to feed it to swine. For young pigs it is about the best food known, and every dairy farmer who has a surplus of skimmed milk that he can not sell for more than a half cent per quart, can probably find a profit in feeding it to well bred and well selected pigs. Even at this low estimate for milk, the profit on a grown hog will not be large, but there should be a little more than a new dollar for an old one, leaving the "company" consideration out of the calculation entirely.

Farmers living near villages can make the most from their hogs if they will retail them out at butchers' prices. It is very seldom that a hundred pounds of cut pork will not bring four dollars more than a hundred pounds of whole hog. Salt pork, hams, lard, roasting pieces, head cheese, pickled feet, and the trimmings:

"In linked sweetness long drawn out,"

are always saleable in every christian market, and the different parts are not difficult to cure, while the waste from a pork carcass is less than from any other animal, except sardines.

While the city dailies keep the public stomach stirred up with visions of hog cholera, over-crowded cars, trichinæ and tapeworm, any neat, enterprising farmer who will endeavor to gain an honest reputation for producing hog products that can be trusted, need have no difficulties in the way of reasonable success in disposing of his goods. According to repeated accounts with pens of hogs kept upon our own farm, five dollars per head is a full average return for the care of these animals, from the time they are purchased at six weeks old, till they are delivered to the retail butcher, while a three hundred pound hog will pay the butcher a profit of not less than twelve dollars. According to these figures, the farmer who feeds a hog from nine to twelve months, gets five dollars for his labor in producing, while the retail butcher gets twelve dollars for cutting up and selling it. Now, instead of finding fault with the butcher, and grumbling at such an unequal distribution of the risks and profits, it seems to us, that the wiser course for the farmer would be, where his circumstances will permit it, to himself cut and retail his pork. Where farmers are so situated that they can sell their hog products at retail prices, it will generally pay well to feed as many as their market will take, and to grow the pork largely upon purchased grain. Although it may not be the best economy on the part of consumers to buy their grain food in the form of pork, yet while the market demands meats, and customers can pay for them, it is certainly good economy on the part of farmers to produce such foods, and to produce the best of its kind.

We are not proposing to write a lecture against animal food for the present generation, even though it may be possible in the distant future, when the world becomes a hundred times more densely populated than it is now, that men will be driven to economize more closely in this direction. As much as we fail to admire a hog wallowing and rooting in filth, we plead guilty to an appreciation of the appetizing aromas rising from a nice rib of pork roasting in the family oven. Nor have we reason to doubt that young pork properly fed and cooked, is, for most people, equally as wholesome as other animal foods.

To have pork of the best quality, the pigs selected must be of a good breed; they must have wholesome food, and be kept in quarters reasonably clean and comfortable. The hog is omnivorous in its habits, and is capable of living upon all sorts of food, from grass, roots and vegetables to grains and meal. And the chief office of the hog on most farms, should be to convert all kinds of unsuitable food for man, or that which otherwise would be wasted, into material that is good and wholesome for human food. With the present habits and customs of our people, there must be a large surplus of skimmed milk on our dairy farms. This, with a very little grain, such as fine wheat bran, oat, barley, or corn meal, will make the very best of food for young pigs, and will go a long way towards making fat hogs. Our cities and large towns are daily affording immense quantities of swill which, if properly collected, and used fresh, is as good food for hogs as hogs need to have, and the pork from such feeding is as good as the best. City swill, collected from families intelligent enough to know food from poison, and fed out daily in its fresh state, is quite as good as farm swill. A swill barrel on the farm, where every waste substance is thrown to sour and rot, is a piece of furniture that we have little respect for. There is no place for it in the house, nor in the dairy room, nor at the barn, nor have we found quite enough room for one out of doors. It draws flies, breeds mould and maggots, smells badly, and not unfrequently spoils the good food put into it. Meal may be more digestible after being soaked and scoured to a certain extent, but risk of carrying the fermentation too far, together with the disagreeableness attending a sour swill barrel, is such that we prefer to keep enough swine to consume all the wastes of the kitchen, dairy and farm, in a fresh condition.

If hogs are kept at all, they should be pushed steadily along. "Store" hogs—those which are just holding their own, are no more profitable than city boarders that fail to pay their bills. Nor do we believe in keeping hogs for the special work of rooting over manure. Manure may keep better under horse stables if it is trodden down hard by a drove of fat hogs. The treading prevents heating, and consequently the escape of ammonia, but rooting it over exposes it to the air, and to a certain extent, wastes it.

A litter of pigs in an orchard, where wormy fruit is falling, will often pay a good profit on the investment. In this case they must be considered as workers, and must not be fed too freely with grain. Although we have no yearnings towards the hog, yet it must be admitted that they fill a place in the animal kingdom, and if rightly treated, have an economic value on the farm. The race has been wonderfully improved in certain directions under the hand of man, and may not have reached perfection yet. It is thought by some that the improvement has gone a little too far for the wholesomeness of the carcass, as food; that the modern hog is too nearly a bunch of fat done up in a square package, and that a little more lean meat would be better for the consumers. When buyers will pay more for muscle than for grease, then will be the time for farmers to turn their attention to working hogs. Just now the laziest hog is the best fellow. Somebody has said that in this busy Yankee land the only "gentleman" to be found, is the occupant of the pig pen. Pork making, then, must be "gentlemen farming." We hope corrrespondents to the FARMER will not neglect this interesting department of our agricultural industry.

ASPARAGUS AND RHUBARB.

It is a good time to make a new bed of either of these delicious vegetables in the fall. If the ground should freeze before these suggestions can be used, they will be equally useful in spring. The custom is to plant these roots much too closely; especially is this the case with asparagus, which has very large and long, fibrous roots; if they are planted three feet by one foot, as is common, they soon fill the land with such a crowded mat of roots that the sprouts come much smaller than they would if they had more room; this increases the labor of cutting and bunching, and diminishes the value in market. Some planters set their asparagus five feet by three, and claim that this is close enough for the best results; perhaps this may be carrying the matter to the opposite extreme, and I am inclined to believe that four feet by two, will be found about the best distance both for rhubarb and asparagus. This gives ample room for running the small plough between the rows without damage to the crowns, and probably they will produce a larger amount of saleable crops when given this distance than when planted closer.

The secret of producing the enormous stems of asparagus that are seen at our horticultural fairs, lies in generous culture with plenty of room and plenty of manure, combined with good seed; the seed has less to do with it however, than many suppose.

W. D. PHILBRICK.

A GOOD SHOWING.—Mr. Superintendent Sanborn, of the New Hampshire College farm, in a recent note to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, says: "The crops of the college farm are now all in and all good. Have had to store a large quantity of fodder on the floor. The barn will not hold stock enough to consume it. Grain barns have been quite inadequate. Shall have to erect more buildings if the farm continues to improve. It is a matter that needs to be considered at an early day."

We are happy to congratulate Mr. Sanborn, on this favorable showing of the results of his labors, and write more to congratulate the Trustees of the College and the people of the State that they have been able to secure and to retain the services, at the institution, of a gentleman who is able to show so good practical exemplification of his fitness for the position he occupies.

—F. W. Morrow said at the Elmira Farmers' Club:—"I know a farmer who ploughs all his clay land in fall that he wants to sow with oats or barley in the following spring. His principal crop is oats, and he gets larger yields than his neighbors who have land of similar character that they plough in spring. He gets the seed in earlier and in better condition. His fall-ploughed land is dragged thoroughly as soon as dry enough in spring and the seed dragged in before his neighbors can plough."

BIRDS IN GARDENS.

It seems quite time that our laws with regard to the killing of certain birds were so far revised that the owner of a small fruit garden may be allowed to reap the reward of his labor. As it now stands, the law of Massachusetts forbids, under a penalty of $10 fine, the killing of many birds, among them robins and cedar birds, or cherry birds, as they are sometimes called. We may kill crows, crow black birds, jays, and all birds of prey, without mercy and without penalty, but we are forbidden to harm the robin and the cedar bird, even when caught in the act of robbing us of our choice fruit.

These two kinds of birds are extremely destructive of fruits, especially of strawberries, cherries, grapes and raspberries; and any one who does not take special care to defend himself against their ravages is very likely to lose his crop, or a large share of it. A small patch of berries, or a single tree or vine, may indeed be sheltered by throwing over it some old fish netting, which may be bought very cheaply at the junk stores in Boston, but for a large field this would be quite too troublesome and expensive.

Various devices to frighten away birds have been tried, such as bits of tin hung up by strings to swing and glisten in the wind; small windmills also, with a clapper or bell attached, are used sometimes to make a noise in the wind and frighten the birds; such devices, however amusing to boys, are futile; the birds soon got used to them, and will even perch upon the windmill vane when in full blast, and have been known to build a nest in the old hat of a scarecrow. The only sure way is to employ a boy to watch them and drive them off, or to shoot them. The first is expensive, the latter is the only effectual and practical way out of the difficulty.

It may be argued that these birds should not be destroyed, on account of the service they do to the farmer by destroying insects. I believe this defence of the birds in question is unsound. The robin eats the angle worm and some other harmless insects when fruit is scarce, but he seldom touches insects when berries are to be had, and I believe the same may be said of the cedar bird. These birds destroy much more fruit than they eat, by picking holes into the berries with their bills, and going on to the next specimen in the most wanton manner and without any regard to decency. They are poor songsters and indifferent in plumage and beauty; it seems to me that we can do without them and leave the destruction of insects to those incomparable warblers, the orioles and bluebirds; these birds, as well as the swallows and flycatchers, are professional hunters of insects, beautiful in plumage, harmless in their habits, and deserve our protection, while they charm us with their delightful songs. Birds are often very troublesome in devouring seeds of lettuce, spinach, and other garden vegetables, just as they are ripening in the field; I know of no better protection than netting thrown over the plants. W. D. PHILBRICK.

FRANKLIN FARMERS' CLUB.

The Franklin Farmers' Club opened its course of weekly meetings for the winter of 1881-82 Monday evening, November 7th, at the residence of C. Milton Allen, Franklin Centre. The club has been in existence three years. Through the influence of some of its leading members, the sugar beet industry was introduced into Franklin; during the second year of its existence. The enterprise proved of far greater magnitude than its founders had ever calculated, and the failure which followed threw somewhat of a damper, not only over the club in which it originated, but over the whole town and vicinity, and the meetings of the club were not as fully attended the second year as previously, though the interest was well sustained by the diminished number in attendance. The beet sugar excitement has now cooled down, and farmers are inclined to take a more considerate view of agricultural matters in general. The opening meeting of the club for the present season was one of the most interesting and best attended of any in its history. A much larger attendance would drive the club from private residences to a public hall, which is something not to be desired, as the gatherings at the houses of its members are much more free and social than public hall meetings are apt to be. The subject under discussion was "Silos and Ensilage," the host, as is the usual custom, opening the discussion. Mr. Allen has evidently thus far been exempt from any ensilage fever or silo on the brain, but has read carefully the reports of those who have made ensilage a study, and has been a close observer of results among those who have built and filled silos. The arguments brought against the silo system are, first: the loss of sugar and starch in the fodder pitted, while fodder perfectly cured by drying loses nothing except water. Second: the cost of the silo, the cutter, horse power or engine which everyone must have who adopts this system. On the other hand, there is a gain in the silo from the more digestible condition in which the woody fibre of such coarse material as corn fodder is put into. The silo will also enable farmers to preserve any kind of fodder, which, owing to long storms, would otherwise rot and be lost. He had himself a field of green rye out in about two weeks of bad weather last June, which, if put in a silo would have been worth much more than it is now. A strong argument in favor of the silo is, that corn, which is so difficult to cure by drying, even in good weather, may be grown in greater quantity per acre than any other fodder, and the silo enables one to grow this plant upon a much more extended scale. Mr. Allen has a site selected for a silo in the side of a hill, a short distance from his stables, and from which the ensilage might be run by gravity on railroad irons, direct to the feeding floor in the barn. This would save all lifting, as when the pits are dug level, under or below the barn, as is the common custom. He will build a silo just as soon as he is satisfied that there is money in it. Mr. J. W. Risk, the pioneer silo builder of Cumberland, R. I., being present, gave his experience with a silo 12x20 feet square, by 11 feet deep. He opened it a few days previously, and changed his cows from the best after feed the farm afforded and three quarts of meal, to an exclusive diet of sixty pounds of ensilage and five quarts of meal, and found his cows increased in their milk, very perceptibly. He planted four acres of the ensilage corn, but owing to unfavorable weather during the early growing season, he harvested not more than half a crop, and could fill his silo but about half full.

Sixty pounds of ensilage he finds a good ration for his cows daily, and he has enough to carry him through till near spring. A neighbor, Mr. D. O. Cargill, has recently built a large silo, and with a steam power of his own, claims he can cut an acre of heavy corn in the field, draw it to the silo, and cut and pack it down, with less labor and expense than is required for cutting and curing an acre of English grass. Mr. Cargill planted the same kind of corn, but planted it three kernels in a place, eighteen inches apart in the rows. The three stalks make just a fair sized handful, and a field planted in this way can be cut in about half the time required for cutting a field planted by ordinary dropping in the drill, single kernels in a place, while the yield is equally heavy. Mr. Risk is convinced that large silos will, other things being equal, keep the fodder more perfectly than small ones. If building again, he would have his pit much larger, if he could borrow money enough to pay the bills. There would be economy in it in the end. Mr. Risk extended an invitation to the club to visit his silo, and it was voted to make the visit in a body at an early day. The meeting then adjourned.

The following is the list of subjects to be discussed during the winter, with the names of members at whose residences the several meetings are to be held.

The officers of the club for 1881 are: President, Wm. E. Nason; Secretary, Geo. W. Nason; Treasurer, Munroe Morse.

Nov. 14. Patrick Connolly.—The Growing and Harvesting of Corn.

Nov. 21. Erastus E. Baker.—Subject not assigned.

Nov. 28. Geo. S. Hancock.—Producing, Saving and Applying Manures.

Dec. 5. Munroe Morse.—Construction of Barn Stables.

Dec. 12. Deacon M. Z. Bullard.—How can Sheep Husbandry in Eastern Massachusetts be Made Profitable?

Dec. 19. Chas. Badger.—Subject not assigned.

Dec. 26. Alonzo W. Cheever.—Making Hot Beds and Manurement; also, Keeping Farm Accounts.

Jan. 2, 1882. Wm. E. Nason.—Annual Election.

Jan. 9. John Springer.—Had Farmers Better Grow or Buy Their Seed?

Jan. 16. Francis B. Ray.—How to Select a Good Horse. What are the Visible Points Indicating Character in Horses?

Jan. 23. Henry R. Jenks.—Does Our Legislature Give Sufficient Encouragement to Agriculture?

Jan. 30. Wm. L. Whitting.—Culture of Flowers and Shrubs, Selection of Varieties, etc.

Feb. 6. Jason Tower.—Reporting Agricultural Experiments the Past Season.

Feb. 13. Elbridge G. Fiske.—Subject not assigned.

Feb. 20. Deacon Alfred Clark.—Consideration and Assignment of Experiments the Ensuing Season.

Feb. 27. Geo. W. Wiggin.—Should Needle Work or other Industry be Taught in Our Public Schools?

March 6. Warren H Bright.—Culture of Small Fruits and Selection of Varieties.

March 13. Austin A. Fletcher.—Subject not assigned.

March 20. Erastus L. Metcalf.—To What Extent is it Advisable to Cultivate Small Grain in Eastern Massachusetts?

March 27. Lucius W. Daniels.—Rotation of Crops: What Crops (if any) Should Not Follow Others.

April 3. James Hood.—Our Weed Pests: How Shall We Best Destroy Them?

April 10. S. Fred Sargent.—Butter Making: What Systems are Best?

April 17. Rev. Salmon W. Squire.—Subject not assigned.

April 24. Joseph Smith.—Farming East and West.

May 1. T. Jefferson Daniels.—What is the Best Method of Constructing Wagons for Farm and Road Use?

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The programme of the country meeting of the State Board to be held at Bridgewater, December 6th, 7th and 8th, has not been as yet definitely arranged. The chief theme of the meetings will be "Nutrition of Cattle Feeding." The opening essay will be delivered by Geo. Austin Brown, of Woodstock, Conn., on "Digestion and Winter Feeding." The essay of the 2d day is on "Feeding, Soiling and Grass Crops," by A. W. Cheever of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, and on "Harvesting Corn," probably by Pres. Stockbridge. Prof. Sanborn will read an essay on "Animal Nutrition," on the last day. In the evening, Dr. Nichols of the *Journal of Chemistry*, will speak on "The Chemistry of the Household," and Professor Chadbourne on "Farmers' Homes, past and present." Capt. J. B. Moore is expected to read an essay on "Seeding for Grass," and Silos will receive attention by some one not yet announced.

A full programme will be given our readers at an early date.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—Mr. James Vick says it may be regarded as an established fact that apples will keep better in moist or damp cellars than in dry ones.

—The Washington correspondent of one of the daily papers says that the final result of the sorghum experiments at the Department of Agriculture has been to show that sugar can be made from sorghum, and has been made, of good quality, for about $1.25 per pound. The particulars will be given to the public in a special report.

—The Polled cattle are surely gaining rapidly in public favor, and new points of superiority are continually brought forward. A correspondent of the *Michigan Farmer* says that they are not only more economical to keep, but are also more desirable for beef. Twelve Aberdeen cattle can be kept on the land that would only suffice for ten Shorthorns, and the old cows, properly fattened, will sell to the butcher for 2 to 4 cents per pound more than Shorthorns in the same condition.

—The *Indiana Farmer* says that milking qualities in swine are as surely transmissible to progeny as in cattle. Thus it is true of swine as of cattle that this trait may be greatly improved by retaining only good milkers for breeders, as well as by feeding them when young with a view to their development as milk-producers, rather than as fat producers. For this reason spring and early summer litters are usually the best from which to select young brood sows.

—A correspondent of *The Rural New Yorker* states that Elkanah Watson, a merchant of Albany, N. Y., was the real author of the present system of fairs and cattle shows sustained and directed by agricultural societies, and the first one was held under his direction at Pittsfield, Mass., where he had a farm, in the year 1810. This was such a success that Watson soon after proceeded to organize agricultural societies and to establish fairs and cattle shows in other places, and now in every State of the Union there are more or less of them, and many are supported in part by legislative aid.

—An old pork butcher, in Detroit, says the prejudice in Europe against American pork arises partly from the fact that hogs fattened on our Indian corn do not make as fine pork as do those of Germany, the Netherlands, France, etc., which are fattened chiefly on peas and buckwheat. With the latter such a condition as "rusty pork" is unknown. As both peas and buckwheat grow rankly in this country, wherever properly cultivated, it may be worth while for some farmer to test the matter. Possibly the oleaginous principle in corn may tend to deteriorating effects, in some degree, though that cereal will doubtless continue the principal food for fattening hogs in this country.

—As to the manurial value of different cattle foods it is found that the oil cakes yield the richest manure, as they contain the largest amount of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, with a considerable amount of potash. Next these beans and peas, malt dust and bran. Clover hay yields a richer manure than oats, wheat, barley or corn, while meadow hay stands before the cereal grains. The various grains and the roots, like turnips, carrots and Swedes, contain about the same proportion of nitrogen in their dry substance; the roots, however, supply much more potash. Potatoes stand below other roots in manurial value. Straw takes the lowest place as a manure-yielding food, bean and pea straw being more valuable for this purpose than the straw of the cereals.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

MANURE CELLARS.

I have a cellar under my barn, into which the manure from twelve cows and four horses is dumped. The bottom and sides are well cemented, for the purpose of retaining the liquid; nothing goes into it except the manure from the animals and the soil and slops from a water closet in the house. During the summer this has not been very offensive, except at times, but latterly the odor has not only permeated every corner of the barn, but is continually present in the house also. I cannot put hogs into the cellar upon the manure, as it is too wet. How shall I remedy the evil? F. A. H.

West Fitchburg, Nov. 9, 1881.

REMARKS.—Although your letter does not say that you have lately shut the windows and other openings from your barn cellar to the external air, still we have no doubt that such is the case, and that that is the reason why it smells worse than formerly. The smell must *go somewhere*, if not through the windows into the free air, then through the cracks of your barn floor in among the hay and feed, to poison your cattle, and through the soil pipe of your water-closet into your house, to poison your wife and babies. A great deal has been said of late, of the filthiness and unhealthfulness of the country privy, but we candidly believe that a water-closet in a country house is ten times worse. In the city they must be endured, but there is absolutely no excuse for having one in your house, if you live on a farm, where dry earth can be obtained by simply shoveling it up. The first thing we should do would be to open as many ventilating apertures around that barn cellar as we possibly could; and the next thing would be to pull out the soil-pipe from the house, and, if the water closet *must* be retained, to have it thoroughly trapped, and the outflow led to a place where no stench additional to its own could possibly be forced back through it into the house. As to the cellar itself, if it is so wet that pigs cannot work in it, it might possibly pay to build a cistern into which the liquid portion might overflow or be pumped. Then we should put in, not pigs, but dry earth, or some other absorbent. Swamp muck that has been thoroughly dried, will absorb an immense amount of moisture; road dust is equally good; dry loam from the surface of the garden answers an excellent purpose, and, with all or either of these, a small proportion of sifted coal ashes may be mixed if other material is short. Straw, corn stalks, dry sawdust, forest leaves, etc., will answer a temporary purpose, but after a time they will themselves ferment and contribute to the increase of the original difficulty. If the out-flow from the water-closet, much of which of course is simply water, be turned in another direction, we do not think you will find your manure cellar so damp as to need a very great quantity of absorbents, and the difficulty will be found very easy to manage.

VINEGAR TURNING TO WATER.

In reply to your inquiry about vinegar turning to water, in the last issue of the FARMER, I would say that if your correspondent had kept his vinegar barrel replenished every fall with sweet cider, so the old vinegar would have something to work on, he would prevent its turning to water, and always have good vinegar. The best way to make vinegar is to use the same barrel from year to year to keep vinegar in, and never draw quite all out of the barrel, and every fall add a little sweet cider or a little boiled cider to give it a good color, though it wants age to have color, and not keep it in a cellar, but in a shed, with the bung out. Cider will sour faster and have a better color to change it in warm weather from one barrel to another occasionally so as to have it come in contact with the air.

Whitinsville, Nov. 7, 1881. B. A. C.

I have never had the trouble experienced by your correspondent, of having the vinegar turn to water, and think perhaps that may solve the mystery. Vinegar may explain it. In making vinegar, the barrel should be kept in a warm place, and should be not much more than half full, changing it from one barrel to another occasionally. I keep several barrels going at once, transferring the liquid from one to another in regular rotation until it reaches the last one, when it is ready for market. If a sample of vinegar be carefully examined, it will be found to contain a multitude of minute *infusoria*, living organisms, which may be seen moving about on the surface, if the vinegar is good. When it gets to its best, it needs to be filled up occasionally, in order to keep it alive, with cider or with vinegar that has not yet reached quite so advanced a stage of fermentation. It seems to need something to feed upon, and I think that the cause of its becoming watery and losing its sharpness, is that this important point is overlooked. A good way to begin vinegar making is to put one or two quarts of "mother" in each barrel, and only a few gallons of cider, adding more cider by degrees as the process of fermentation proceeds. W.

Ea. Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 9, 1881.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN MAINE.

Sheep husbandry is yearly increasing in importance in Maine. During the past five years, increasing interest has been shown in sheep raising, and many who had previously kept no sheep, have seen fit to engage in sheep husbandry. At the present time the fine wool Merinos seem to be preferred. Their heavy fleeces render the wool clip especially valuable. Some of the flocks of Merinos shear ten or eleven pounds of wool on an average for each sheep.

One man in Franklin county has a flock of one hundred sheep which sheared last spring, on an average, nearly eleven pounds each. Some of the bucks sheared from twenty-two to twenty-four pounds each. The lambs and bucks from such flocks readily sell at high prices, which, together with the receipts from wool, renders sheep raising very profitable. Some of the owners of such flocks keep quite a number of bucks, which they let out for use in the flocks of their neighbors. Some of these bucks earn in this way from twenty to thirty dollars each, yearly. The heavy fleeces which the Merinos afford are nothing much favor for the breed. A farmer who has a hundred of the Merinos, and has ten or eleven hundred pounds of wool to sell yearly, has considerable reason to feel well satisfied with his flock.

The coarse wool mutton sheep are still in favor with some of the farmers of Maine, and they prove to be quite profitable. The high price of lambs early in the summer has caused considerable attention to be given to raising early lambs for the market. Lambs which are ready for the market on or before the fourth of July, have usually commanded about twenty cents per pound, by the carcass. At such a price as that, the return to the farmer is a very profitable one, and renders the keeping of coarse wool sheep nearly or quite as profitable as the fine wool sheep, with their heavy fleeces. The coarse wool sheep are usually more prolific than the fine wool sheep. The coarse wool sheep usually begin to breed when a year old, and many of them have twins, while fine wool sheep sometimes do not begin to breed till two years old, and seldom produce two lambs at a birth.

Merino bucks are being used to a considerable extent for crossing with the common coarse wool sheep, with good results. The fleece is made heavier and finer, while the size of the coarse wool sheep is retained. It is probable that, by judicious breeding, an improved breed may be produced, which will prove valuable both for mutton and for wool production.

What is needed to meet the wants of the farmers of Maine, is a kind of sheep which shall produce good fleeces of wool, and yet at the same time be so well adapted to mutton production that the lambs will be salable in early summer at remunerative prices. Whether this object can be attained remains to be seen. Much will depend upon the good judgment exercised in the selection of animals for breeding purposes.

Sheep husbandry in Maine promises to be productive of great benefit to the farms and farmers. Many of the farms are running out, and the introduction of sheep husbandry promises to prove a powerful means of renovating many of the farms which, by bad management, have become run down. After a flock of sheep is placed upon a piece of land, the land, instead of continuing to deteriorate in condition, begins to improve. It is possible to renovate a run down farm by keeping sheep upon it several years. The presence of sheep in pastures effects a decided improvement, by enriching them, and keeping down the bushes. Pastures filled with raspberry, blueberry, and other bushes, are soon cleared of them by sheep. The sheep keep the bushes browsed down so closely that they die out.

Sheep husbandry and apple raising promise to work well together. Apple raising is yearly extending, and is likely to become a leading industry. No part of the country furnishes apples superior to those raised in Maine. By allowing sheep to run in the orchards, the soil will be enriched and the wormy fruit will be eaten as fast as it falls, ensuring the destruction of the larvæ of the codling moth. By destroying all the larvæ of the codling moths which are contained in the apples which fall prematurely, the number of moths would be greatly diminished. Probably their number would be so greatly diminished that the injury inflicted by what survived would not be serious. It is not particularly injurious to have enough apples stung by the codling moth to thin the fruit to some extent and give what remains a better chance to grow. It is yearly becoming more and more important that, by some means, the codling moth should be held in check, and no means seems so readily available as the use of sheep for that purpose, by allowing them to run in the orchards and eat the wormy fruit as it falls, thus destroying vast numbers of the larvæ of the moth.

Sheep husbandry is well adapted to the mixed farming generally practiced in Maine. There should be, at least, a few sheep on every farm. Every pasture needs a few sheep to keep down the bushes; every pasture used for the pasturage of cattle will produce more feed for cattle by having a few sheep in it to eat various plants which the cattle refuse to eat. In no place do sheep do so well as where a few are allowed to run in a pasture where cattle or horses are kept. There are many plants included in the hay usually gathered upon the farm, which sheep relish, but which cattle and horses refuse to eat; it is well to have a few sheep to eat such plants. Farmers in Maine are not likely to engage exclusively in sheep raising; it is not advisable that they should. A flock of fifty or a hundred generally does better than a larger flock. It is not advisable that a farmer should risk all upon one industry; if he does, a reverse affecting that industry seriously, will threaten his ruin. Mixed husbandry is the safer plan; then if reverse follows one branch, the farmer can fall back upon another industry, to sustain him. It is not advisable that the farmer should risk his all in the sheep business, but it does seem advisable that every farmer, or nearly every farmer, should have at least a few sheep. The sources of cash returns for the farmer need to be increased, and a flock of sheep help in that direction. The clip of wool brings ready cash, the lambs sell readily for cash, and any surplus number of the flock will also sell for cash.

In conclusion, it may be said that sheep husbandry in Maine seems to be established on a firm and enduring basis, and promises to extend more during the coming ten years than ever before in the history of the State. The true value of sheep, as improvers of the fertility of the farm, as improvers of the condition of pastures, as a permanent source of revenue, and as a profitable investment, is appreciated, perhaps, as never before. The men who are engaged in sheep raising are largely men who have gone into it to stay, and believe that they can make it pay. The outlook for the future is encouraging, and the experience of the past is indicative of success.

Auburn, Me., Nov., 1881. H.

For the New England Farmer.

QUINCE CULTURE.

The answer to the inquiry of a subscriber, in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER of Nov. 5th, says: "the cuttings should be of the present year's growth," &c. I have been studying and experimenting in quince culture for ten years, and have learned to use sticks that have been growing for several years, in preference to those of but one year's growth, though I do not reject these. By using older and larger cuttings, I get very much stronger, and more vigorous trees, in less time. On such large sticks, I had shoots that grew over five feet last year. The side shoots on these, this year, are about two feet. I had fine fruit this year on a tree that will not be three years old till next spring.

Again, the writer proposes to have the cuttings "about ten inches long, * * * with not more than one or two buds above the surface." My experience has taught me to use sticks about 15 or 16 inches long, set about a foot in the ground, and to look for the development of all needed buds where none are to be seen on the old wood I use. Sometimes a bud below the surface sends up the shoot that makes the tree. If too many start, I rub off all I do not want to grow.

I have a growth this year on my three year trees of over seven feet, and on one of seven feet seven inches. The best of these had half a peck of fruit ripen on them this year. My best trees, that were propagated seven years ago, from such large cuttings as I have described, bore, this year, a little over three pecks to the tree; one tree had 185 quinces get ripe on it. The same tree bore 80 quinces two years ago. The average of these older trees at five years, was half a peck; at six years a peck; at seven a peck and a half; and now, in their 8th year, it is about half a bushel, from which I have realized an average of $1.21. The average last year was 96 cents a tree.

Your writer advises autumn planting. My experience is in favor of February or March; but it may be that the climate here makes the difference. I entirely agree with you in regard to the rich, mellow soil to be prepared, though I have concluded they will do well any where, where corn and potatoes will succeed. You are wise, also, in pressing the soil very firmly about the cuttings. It helps their rooting. I also throw a little salt around the cuttings to keep the surface moist, and fertilize them.

The other methods of propagating, by sprouts from the stumps, by layers, by sprouts from roots, and from seeds, each have their peculiar advantages, though, on the whole, I think cuttings the choice. Where you want to get a choice variety into a poorer kind, the method by grafting, as an apple is grafted, will be found advantageous. I have seen fruit borne on a graft the second year. One of my grafts this year has exceeded four feet, and will probably bear next year. I have now in cultivation seven sorts, and expect to add the eighth, by grafting in the spring; and when my over 500 trees all come to fruitage, I may have a more interesting report to make of my success. W. W. MEECH.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 7, 1881.

For the New England Farmer.

CORN HARVESTING AND STOCK LAWS IN THE SOUTH.

I have just received a copy of the FARMER of Oct. 22, from a friend, and was quite amused at reading the article upon the *new method* of harvesting corn, as practiced by Mr. J. O. Hillman of Marlboro'. This method of storing corn is an old time one all over the south.

As some of your readers may not be familiar with the ways of managing the corn crop in "the land of cotton," I will give you an idea of it, trusting that I may not trespass too much upon your valuable space. After the crop is cultivated for the season, the next operation is to "lay by," which means to secure all of the plant that is considered of value for stock. This operation consits of "pulling the fodder," which is simply to pull off the leaves, bind them in little bundles, and fastening them to the stalk, where they hang till dry, when they are hauled away, and stored ready for feeding. The stalk, with the corn upon it, stands, till any convenient time, when the corn is pulled off with the husk on, and stored away in a variety of ways, some putting it in, ten feet deep, under shelters made of logs, old rails, etc. Large loads of corn come to market in this form, and 76 pounds of ears in this form, are allowed for a bushel. The stalk remains in the field to rot down, a ruinous practice, and it is no wonder everyone is so poor here, when such thriftless ways continue to be practiced.

A word as to the keeping quality of corn stored in this way. It is my experience that an ear of corn will mould if it is packed away with the husk a little damp, or if, from any cause, the corn gets damp, after being stored. Another objection to storing in this way is trouble from vermin, especially in a cold climate, and it is bad enough here. It has been my experience that rats and mice will not harbor much in a crib of corn that is nicely cleaned of silk and husks, or any material that could be converted into nests.

I have been much amused the past week in watching the workings of the new *stock law* which went into effect a week ago to-day. The City Council ordered all stock, hogs and cattle, to be shut up or kept out of the city. Owners did this to some extent the first day, but the next found the streets full of hogs as of yore, the people thinking it would be too much trouble to enforce the law. But when the next day dawned, the police had on hand a large troop of boys, with dogs to match, and you can simply imagine that the hog business was lively for about ten hours; every owner had to pay a fine before he could get his property. The common people dread a stock law and don't know how they can live should a *general* law be passed. They do not consider that the cost of fencing now is at least ten times the value of the stock. It is safe to say that within ten years Alabama will have a general stock law; this done, agriculture will begin to look up, larger crops, from necessity, will be the order of the day, and tillers of the soil will then find that they have something to do. A. A. SOUTHWICK.

Talladega, Ala., Nov. 8, 1881.

Selections.

KEEPING BEES.

There is room for bees on every farm, and he who has neglected this important matter has annually suffered a loss that might easily have been prevented. It does not require a great amount of knowledge to engage in beekeeping, and very little experience serves to enable the amateur to succeed; but still, a thorough knowledge of this matter, as in everything else, is very important if the business is to be made one of profit.

For the information of those that know but little about the original cost of a beginning, I will state that there have been great improvements in hives, methods of extracting honey and modes of artificial swarming. First, the price of a good patent hive is from $3 to $5. Full stocks, with tested queen, cost in June, $12, in July and August a little less. They are shipped in light shipping boxes, unless the hive is ordered with them. The best home-bred queens cost $3, and imported Italian queens $5. With anything like a fair chance in their favor, the bees will produce per hive about thirty pounds of honey, worth from ten to twenty cents per pound, according to quality. We may safely estimate

tinct kinds of flowers on the same plant; and that wonderful freak of nature, the striped tea rose. American Banner, was a "sport" from a plant of Bon Silene, and has no resemblance to it, either in flower or foliage. Scores of other instances could be cited, if time would permit, but enough has been shown, I think, at least to throw doubt on the theory, that the stock affects the individuality of the graft. In the past quarter of a century, millions upon millions of Bartlett Pears and Baldwin Apples have been grafted upon millions of stocks; and yet, to-day, they are as true to their individuality as the Concord Grape or Wilson's Strawberry, that are perpetuated by cuttings or runners, and none of them are in any way changed from when they first appeared, unless by the temporary accidents of soil or climate.

I believe that the smallest or greatest of God's creations has a separate and distinct individuality, and that they cannot be blended, except by generation, and that the product of generation, whether in the lowest microscopic germ, or in the highest type man, has an individuality distinct and separate that it cannot attach to another.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

FARMERS' CONVENTION.

The Connecticut Board of Agriculture will hold a meeting at Newtown, on the 14th, 15th and 16th of December, which cannot fail to be of advantage to the agricultural interests of the State, both from the importance of the questions to be discussed, and the well-known qualifications of the gentlemen who are to participate in their discussion. Ex-Governor Hyde will deliver the introductory address, and among the papers to be read will be lectures, by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, on Agricultural Experiments, What we Want to Know, and Why we Want to Know it; by Dr. E. H. Jenkins and by Mr. E. H. Hubbard on Commercial Fertilizers; by W. R. Hurd on Ensilage; by Byron D. Halstead on Fungi, injurious to Vegetation; by J. B. Olcott, Agricultural Editor of the *Hartford Courant*, on Home Manufactures; by Secretary Northrop on The Farmer's Home; by Edward Norton on Associated Dairying; by F. L. Scott on Farming as it Was, As it Is, and As it Should Be; and by Prof. Brewer on Improvements in Implements, Machinery and Transportation. Discussions in which all present are invited to join, will follow the reading of the papers, and other questions upon agricultural matters which may arise, will be discussed or answered by the Convention.

An exhibition of fruits, grains, nuts, and other farm products will be held under the charge of the Pomologist, P. M. Augur. An opportunity for testing fruit and exchanging scions will be offered, and specimens and scions of choice varieties are solicited from all parts of the State. Samples of corn and other grains, when donated for the purpose, will be preserved in the new Agricultural Rooms at Hartford.

SOMETHING NEW.

Americans have been for so many years accustomed to look upon this country as a great source of food supply for the whole world, that the importation from Europe to this country of the commonest articles of agricultural produce, strikes them as an almost ludicrous reversal of the ordinary course of things. Two weeks ago we noticed the arrival of a cargo of cabbages at Philadelphia from Germany, and for several weeks large consignments of beans from Germany and Italy have been received at New York, which have gone principally to supply the Western demand. More recently several New York houses have begun the importation of potatoes from England and Ireland, in considerable quantities. A reporter of the New York *Bulletin* says that one firm in that city has already landed 2400 bushels, and have nearly 5000 bushels more on the way. These tubers are grown in the vicinity of Liverpool, Eng., and are said to compare favorably with those produced here. These potatoes can be sold in the New York market, at from $2 to $2.50 per barrel of 180 pounds. The best quality of native grown sell at $3 a barrel, wholesale, so that it will be seen that foreign potatoes can be sold in New York at a fair margin of profit. What the cost is in England or Ireland could not be learned, as that is evidently a secret best known to the trade. There is, no doubt, more of a "boom" in potatoes than appears on the surface, though many dealers would convey the impression that our home crop is sufficient to meet the home demand. The reporter also saw several barrels of the Champion and Skerries varieties, from the north of Ireland, where the crop is said to be very abundant. They have been sent here as a sample, with a view to ascertaining whether this country offers a favorable market for the disposal of the surplus of the Irish crop. These are said to be very inferior in size and quality to the native stock, but the price at which they can be sold is comparatively low, and it is believed a good market can be secured. It looks a little odd though, that Ireland, which only a few months ago was seeking aid in this country for her starving population, should have so turned the tables as to be now exporting her staple food product to this land of plenty.

COTTON, CORN AND WHEAT.—The Department of Agriculture has issued the following official bulletin showing the condition of the great staple agricultural crops on the 1st of November.

Cotton—The returns of Nov. 1, from the ten principal cotton-growing States, gave an indicated yield per acre considerably less than last year. The drought, which was the cause in all sections, was the most severe in the States west of the Mississippi river, and the reported decrease in those States is 33 per cent in Louisians, 40 per cent in Texas, and nearly 60 per cent in Arkansas. North Carolina, on the Atlantic coast, makes a return of 30 per cent less yield than in 1880; South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi report a better condition, and the prospects are for a crop not much below that of last year in those States. Florida reports a decrease of 15 per cent, Alabama an increase of 13 per cent, Tennessee a decrease of 42 per cent. Virginia is not included as a cotton State, its product being insignificant.

Wheat—The weather is reported as having been favorable during the month, and the prospect of a fair top crop was good. The average yield per acre of wheat in 1881, as shown by our returns, is 10½ bushels, against 13 1-10 in 1880, indicating a decrease of about 20 per cent or 100,000,000 of bushels from last year's product, which reached nearly 500,000,000. Along the Atlantic coast the yield has not varied greatly from that of the previous season, but in the interior and Western States there has been a great falling off, caused by the severe winter, the late, cold spring, drought, and, in several of the States, insect ravages. But while the quantity of the crop is reduced, the quality is generally reported as very good.

Corn—The November returns show an average yield of 20½ bushels per acre of corn, indicating a falling off of 25 per cent. from the crop of 1880, caused chiefly by the general and protracted drought during the growing season, and by excessive rains since the crop was harvested, which have done great damage in many sections, especially in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The chinch bug has also been destructive in the same region. The quality of the crop is somewhat below the average. In Wisconsin and Minnesota there is a decided increase over last year's yield, but these are exceptions to the general rule.

A CARD.

During the next 6 months there will be a large number of people out of employment on account of the drought; in some parts of the country there is a great deal of suffering. There are plenty of men and women in this country, who, if some friend would put them in the way of earning two or three hundred dollars during the winter months, would be grateful for a lifetime. A large Manufacturing Company in New York are now preparing to start persons of either sex in a new business. The business is honorable and legitimate (no peddling or book canvassing,) $50 per month and expenses paid. So, if you are out of employment send your name and address at once to The Wallace Co., 60 Warren St., New York.

The Household and Farm in its issue of October says, "The offer made by this Company (who are one of the most reliable in this city) is the best ever made to the unemployed."

The Wallace Co., make a special offer to readers of this paper who will write them at once, and who can give good references.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston,

UNCLE MARK'S AMARANTHS. By Anne G. Hale.

Miss Hale has here written a modest and unpretentious story for the young, inculcating the homely and often neglected virtues of charity, patience and industry, by means of characters drawn from the humbler walks of life, and incidents not in the least strained or sensational, but right on the plain level of every-day life. So, while making a story that is not brilliant nor striking, and in which the children do not, as a general thing, know more than their elders, as is the custom of children in juvenile books, she has done what is far better, and that is, she has made a story, that is pure and wholesome, and which no parent need fear to place in the hands of his children.

LITTLE FOLKS' EVERYDAY BOOK. Edited by Amanda B. Harris.

This little volume prepared upon the plan of the birthday books which are so popular nowadays, is destined to win merit and good favor wherever it goes. It contains a picture, a verse and a blank for every day of the year, together with twelve full-page pictures in color, representing the various months of the year, designed by G. F. Barnes.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND MIDSUMMER SONGS. By American Poets. Illustrated by American Artists.

A most exquisite little volume, whose title suggests its contents. The carols and poems are from the sweetest singers of child life, and the illustrations are by our best designers and engravers. The cover is a poem in itself, and by no means the least attractive feature of the book. In mechanical execution, the work is a credit to printer and publishers, and in every respect the volume is one of the most beautiful and charming of children's holiday books that we have seen this season.

FARMING FOR BOYS. By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough."

An excellent little story, though perhaps a trifle too highly colored by the enthusiasm of the author, who habitually views country life on its most attractive side, and has rather too much of a tendency to overlook the rough and laborious part of the farmer's occupation. But even making allowance for all that, there is a great deal of good sense, and sound practical Yankee thrift, in the teachings of "Uncle Benny," who is the guide, philosopher, and friend" of the boys in the book, and who mingles with his practical lesson, a good deal of quiet humor, after the New England style. Country boys who imagine themselves hard-worked, and long for city joys, will find in this pleasant little story, some comfort for themselves and some cogent arguments against change.

From James R. Osgood & Co., Boston,

ROSEMARY AND RUE, "Round Robin Series."

A charming story of American Revolutionary days, the scene being laid at Newport and Yorktown, and afterward in Europe. The heroines, Rosemary and Rue, are respectively the daughters of a devout Rhode Island Quaker, and of a rich Newport Jewish merchant, of the times when Newport had both Jews and Quakers. The fathers of the heroines, a young Quaker, a patriotic young American, and an ardent and brave French officer, complete the list of characters. Of course it is a love story, and a very charming one, somewhat sketchy as to the plot, which might easily have been elaborated into a much longer story, but the characters are all well drawn, and the local coloring faithful.

Messrs Osgood & Co. also publish in a "vest-pocket" volume, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's careful and sensible essay on *The American Newspaper*, read before the Social Science Association at Saratoga Springs last September, a paper which attracted considerable attention, and is well worth preserving in a more permanent form than the columns of the newspapers, in which it first appeared.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston,

BALLADS IN BLACK is the title of a little volume of "Shadow Pantomimes" for winter amusement, with full page illustrations in silhouette, and directions how to make and arrange the scenery etc., and to produce the proper effects. They are excellently adapted for representation at fairs, social gatherings of young people, private parties and the like, being all comparatively simple and easily managed, and demanding no great outlay of money for their successful production.

HOW IS YOUR MAN? is the title of what is called "A Race Story of the Graveyard Insurance Assasins," a story directed against the "Mutual Benefit" system, so called, of life insurance, and its abuses as practised in Pennsylvania. It is probably exaggerated, and certainly coarse and vulgar in the extreme.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, publish *The Banner of Victory*, a new singing book for Sunday Schools and Prayer Meetings, at the low price of 35 cents. The pieces are for the most part comparatively simple, and such as will "sing themselves" after the children have once learned them.

Oliver Ditson & Co. also publish *The Ideal*, a new collection for the use of singing schools and musical conventions, edited by L. O. Emerson, whose name alone will be, with all music lovers, a sufficient guarantee of the good taste of the selections and the practical excellence of the instructions which form the first part of the volume. Teachers and students of vocal music will find it one of the best of the books of its class.

Messrs N. W. Ayer & Son, the well known advertising agents of Philadelphia have sent us their *American Newspaper Annual* for the current year, an excellent compilation which should be in the hands of all advertisers, and which is invaluable in every newspaper office. Besides the usual lists of newspapers, common to such publications, it contains a vast amount of statistical information derived from the U. S. Census returns, as to population, products, manufactures, etc., of every county in the United States, with geographical and political facts, making it almost as much a Gazetteer of the country, as anything else, clear, concise and intelligible in arrangement, and faultless in mechanical execution.

Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GARFIELD HOSPITAL PROJECT.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the "Garfield Memorial Hospital" was held at Washington last week, at which Mr. A. S. Solomons, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, reported that 60,000 circulars had been mailed to various parts of the country, setting forth the purposes of the Committee and asking for contributions. Secretary Blaine, Mr. Solomons said, had sent copies of this appeal to the important Consulates abroad, and intended upon his return to Washington to supplement those with a personal note to Consular officers, requesting them to bring the matter to the attention of the Courts to which they were accredited. Arrangements were perfected for the organization of auxiliary committees in all of the large cities throughout the United States, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions. It appears to us that the sole value of such a testimonial to the memory of the late Chief Magistrate of the country, consists in its being a spontaneous and free-will expression, by the people, of their admiration for his character and their desire to perpetuate his name and the memory of the unhappy circumstances of his death. This systematic beggary at home and abroad, cheapens the whole thing, and, will, we fear, turn what was intended at the outset as a great popular tribute to the memory of a martyr, into a ridiculous and expensive example of mendicancy, such, for instance, as the great Washington monument was for so many years.

THE APPLE CROP.—Notwithstanding the

fact that the apple crop this year is short in almost all sections of the country, and entirely a failure in the immediate vicinity of this city, the receipts of apples at the market up to the beginning of the present week have been greater than for the same period in any previous year, except last year, when the yield was so immense, and for two weeks past the receipts have been even greater than for the corresponding two weeks last year. These facts seem to show that there is no great scarcity, though of course the higher prices realized this year have had the effect of bringing almost the entire crop to market, while last year thousands of barrels were fed to stock, made into cider, or left to rot upon the ground. The money value of this year's sales is more than double what it was for the same period in 1880.

☞ The schooner, Amos Walker, of Thomaston, Me., was sunk last Saturday night by collision with a New York brig, near Minot's Ledge light house. No lives were lost.

IT IS the Height of Folly to wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, when you can be cured during the early symptoms by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known the sickliest families made the healthiest by a timely use of this pure medicine.—*Observer*.

See Bronze Turkeys advertised by A. M. Everts in last week's FARMER.

THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

The trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield was begun in Washington on Monday before the Supreme Court of the District. The arrangements were perfect, and the best of order prevailed except for the frequent interruption of the proceedings by the prisoner. Guiteau had prepared a speech in his own defence, which had been furnished to the newspapers, and which he repeatedly attempted to read to the court, but was prevented by the orders of the Judge, and the efforts of his own counsel. At times he became very much excited, and protested with the utmost vehemence against the course adopted by Mr. Robinson, the junior counsel for the defence, who was endeavoring to secure a further postponement of the trial. This was, however, refused by the Court. Mr. Scoville, senior counsel for the defence, and brother-in-law of the prisoner, also opposed the motion for delay, and Guiteau demanded that Mr. Robinson should retire at once from the case. After some confusion the selection of a jury was proceeded with, and after five had been obtained, it was announced that the panel was exhausted. Seventy-five more talesmen were summoned for Tuesday, from whom four more jurors were selected, exhausting the second panel; and the remainder of the jury was secured on Wednesday. The court room was crowded, but there were very few expressions of ill-will among the spectators, against the prisoner. The address which Guiteau was not permitted to read to the Court has been published in the daily papers; in it he declares that President Garfield's death was due to the incompetency of his physicians, though he (Guiteau) was the instrument commissioned by the Lord to effect his removal; he says that the question is not as to his sanity or insanity, but simply "Who fired that shot; the Deity or me?" The paper is quite long and somewhat rambling, but apparently written for the purpose of influencing public opinion to a belief in his insanity and consequent irresponsibility. Secretary Blaine has been summoned to attend the trial and will be the first witness examined.

THE GARFIELD FUND.—The widow of the late President Garfield has sent to Mr. Cyrus W. Field the following letter, formally accepting and acknowledging the fund which has been raised by subscription, and safely invested for her benefit.

MENTOR, OHIO, Nov. 7, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter of October 26, is received, giving me the final statement regarding the fund for General Garfield's family, so kindly supervised by you. As I have heretofore made only a verbal acknowledgement, I now wish formally to communicate to you, and through you to all who have contributed to it, my thanks for this generous testimonial as an expression of the high esteem in which my husband was held, and as a tribute to his memory. My children join me in this gratitude and in the desire that as we accept this trust in their father's name, we may be able to use it in a way worthy of him and satisfactory to those by whom it has been bestowed. With sentiments of high regard, and with sincere regard to you, my dear friend, I remain,

Very truly yours,
LUCRETIA R. GARFIELD.

EXPORTS OF PROVISIONS.—The exports of provisions, dairy products and breadstuffs from this country have all fallen off to a remarkable degree during the past six months, showing that the harvests of Europe have been more bountiful, and that in all likelihood a larger proportion than last year of our own crops will remain in the country to feed our own people. During the month of October the exports of breadstuffs were only $14,889,-914, as against $25,973,570 in October 1880, and the falling off during the past four months has been nearly 29 per cent from the corresponding period of last year. The exports of provisions and dairy products in the month of October were $8,623,400, against $11,469,-967 in the same month last year.

TETTER, Itching Piles, all Skin Diseases yield to the power of Swayne's Ointment. Try it.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Anticosti Island is being depopulated, the government having offered free passage to Quebec to the starving inhabitants.

☞ Ten boilers in the salt works near East Saginaw, Michigan, exploded Sunday morning, wrecking the works and killing four men.

☞ The Sprague company's property in Rhode Island and elsewhere is to be sold at auction next month.

☞ Biddeford, Me., has a small-pox scare, and has closed her public schools for fear of spreading the infection.

☞ A Boston "syndicate" of produce dealers is said to have effectually "cornered" the Vermont apple market.

☞ The Governors of most of the States have appointed Thursday, the 24th inst., as Thanksgiving Day.

☞ Winter has begun at the West in earnest, and railroad trains on the Pacific Railroad in Wyoming have been so blocked by the snow that they had to be abandoned.

☞ The "pink-eye" has reached Boston, and has necessitated some diminution of car service on the Metropolitan horse-railroad. Very few fatal cases, however, have occurred.

☞ All the whalers that entered the Arctic ocean through Behring's straits this season, have got out in safety, and the last of them has reached San Francisco.

☞ The Bangor *Commercial* says that the suit of the Dexter Savings Bank against the estate of the late John W. Barron, will be brought up again at the approaching term of the Supreme Court of the State.

☞ A three story tenement house on Grand St., New York, suddenly fell in, one morning last week, carrying down all its occupants. The building was completely demolished and nine persons were killed.

☞ The Denver, Col., *News* claims that its State in the area is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined.

☞ Six hotels at Old Orchard Beach were destroyed by an incendiary fire one night last week, the loss being about $75,000. It is now just the time of year to burn summer hotels.

☞ It is estimated that the Wisconsin River log-cut will be forty per cent. smaller this year than last. Heavy rains have interfered with preparations, and wages and supplies are high.

☞ According to the Berlin *Post*, there is such an enormous accumulation of cereals in the two ports of Dantzig and Koenigsburg, that all the ships available have been loaded, and although double freight rates are offered, the accumulation is increasing.

☞ One of the sharpers in the great swindle which was unearthed last Spring at the Ironton, Mo., land office, has been convicted and sentenced to seven years in the Penitentiary. Two others have pleaded guilty, and two more remain to be tried.

☞ A wealthy gentleman in Lamoille Co., Vt., has presented $25,000 to establish and endow a home for destitute children at St. Albans, and a committee of ladies has undertaken the work of raising additional funds and inaugurating the enterprise.

☞ Two passenger coaches of a Colorado Central train were blown from the track last Friday by a severe wind storm. The coaches were badly smashed. There were thirteen passengers aboard, all of whom were more or less injured, but none dangerously.

☞ The authorities of the State of Pennsylvania are endeavoring to break up the "Graveyard Insurance Companies," whose operations have become such a scandal, by proceedings in the Courts against the companies which have not complied with the terms of their charters.

☞ Woodstock, N. B., has for the third time been almost entirely destroyed by an incendiary fire. The fire was set in two places, and advantage was taken of a very windy and stormy night. Many of the finest residences and several churches were burned, and there is considerable distress among the inhabitants.

☞ The sea serpent has appeared again, this time in the Machias Chain Lake, in Maine. A Calais man saw it, and it was, he says, "as big round as a pork barrel," not less than fifty feet long, and measured at least two feet across the head. Immense scales covered his back, which at one time appeared above the water.

☞ The internal revenue people have been looking up the beer business in New York, and find that the brewers are using all sorts of substitutes for malt and hops, such, for instance, as glucose, grape-sugar, aloes, rice, corn-meal, etc., none of them perhaps especially injurious, but certainly not contributing to make the beer any less so.

☞ Work at the Charlestown Navy Yard has come to a standstill, owing to lack of funds.

☞ The expenses of collecting the internal revenue during the year aggregate $5,137,-883.

☞ Lake Ontario is gradually shoaling by the subsidence of the water, from some cause not yet explained, and dwellers on its shores are fearing the loss of their harbors.

☞ The government of Jamaica offers special inducements for the cultivation of Peruvian cinchona trees on the island. The soil and climate are said to be very favorable.

☞ The Hon. Lionel Sackville West, the new British Minister to this country, delivered his credentials to the President on Monday last.

☞ Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum says in his annual report that over 17,000 cattle were fattened at Peoria, Ill., last year on the refuse of the distilleries in that city.

☞ Commodore Clark H. Wells, present chief signal officer of the navy, will succeed Commodore Beaumont as commandant of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard Dec. 1.

☞ A man has been arrested in New York for sending letters to Jay Gould, threatening to kill him "for the benefit of the community at large."

☞ It is reckoned that 6,000,000 pounds of caoutchoue will be taken this season from the new India rubber region discovered on the Beni River in Bolivia.

☞ The charges against members of the Ninth Regiment while in Richmond have been sustained, and Governor Long gives the Colonel thirty days in which to report the names of the men who disgraced their uniforms.

☞ The United States Steamer Alliance, in her search for the Jeannette, succeeded in getting within 590 miles of the North Pole; which is much nearer than any other recent expedition has been able to penetrate.

☞ Last Friday night at Streator, Ill., the waters of Prairie Creek broke through into one of the mines of the Chicago Wilmington and Vermilion Coal Company, and completely flooded it; the mine is the largest soft-coal mine in America.

☞ Comptroller Knox has been looking into the question of the use of securities other than money in the transaction of business, and finds that more than 90 per cent of the business of the country is done by means of checks and drafts.

☞ It is understood that an additional case of embezzlement amounting to $40,000 has been found against Captain Howgate, and that the matter will be laid before the Grand Jury at the first opportunity. This will make five indictments, aggregating $160,000, against Capt. Howgate.

☞ The house and barn of O. S. Hicks at White River Junction, Vt., were totally destroyed by fire on Monday last. Suspicion fell upon Peter Levine as being the incendiary, and, on searching his premises, many articles, which were identified as property stolen from Hicks' premises, were found in his house. Levine was arrested.

☞ There was another duel in Virginia on Sunday last, the combatants being two colored politicians, and the *casus belli* being the recent State election. Unfortunately one of them was killed at the first fire, the result probably of their ignorance of how the white folks manage to fight duels without hurting anybody.

☞ The Buttricks of New York, pattern dealers, have bought 500 acres of land in the easterly portion of Rindge, N. H., and, it is understood, will buy 500 acres more. A summer hotel will be opened next season, a deer park established and other buildings constructed. It is reported that the firm will expend $1,000,000 in improving the locality.

☞ The Star-route prosecutions have come to a very sudden end by the decision of Judge Cox granting the motion to quash the information filed by the government against the accused, not on the ground that they had not swindled the government, but only for the technical reason that the proceding by information was irregular.

☞ A conference of the leading distillers of the West was held at Chicago on Monday last, at which it was agreed to reduce production to one half the registered capacity of the stills, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of the whiskey market. If now they could only find the market still bad enough to warrant cutting off the other half, who would lose by it?

☞ A report prevails in Charleston, S. C., that as soon as the recent demand for confederate bonds sprang up, an enterprising New England firm started a factory for the purpose of manufacturing them in order to supply our English cousins with all the article that they want. The report can be traced to no authoritative source, but it recalls the fact, says a Charleston paper, "that during the late war, out of which the confederate bonds sprang, our brethren at the North supplied us with even a better article in the shape of confederate currency than we were able to manufacture at home."

☞ The Royal Geographical Society of London has undertaken to search for the Jeannette in the following manner: A land party, selected and furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, is to go down to Mackenzie and to make inquiries on both sides of the river. The society is willing to bear the expense in part or altogether, but will probably have the support of the English government. Captain Adams and the Dundee whaler Arctic, said to be the finest whaler afloat, have just returned from an exceedingly interesting cruise along the track of Sir John Franklin's last voyage, but without hearing of the Jeannette. Captain Adams, to whose opinion some importance should be attached, is strongly of opinion that no vessel should pass the winter in the Arctic regions without imperious necessity. The German government proposes to contribute $75,000 to the next polar expedition.

LORD BYRON, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady ——— has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." Among the belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be found *sailing*, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

English and Irish despatches for the past week present but few items of interest. The workings of the Irish land bill seem now to be arousing more of a feeling of opposition among the landlords than among the tenants. Reports from all parts of County Cork disclose the most extraordinary eagerness on the part of farmers to go before the Land Court. In some districts large sums of money are being subscribed toward the formation of a mutual protection fund. At the same time, the large reductions of rent by the sub-commissions under the Land act, and a decided action on the part of the landlords and demand for Government compensation. Lord Portarlington writes to the *Times* pointing out that on the old hereditary estates rents have not been raised for a number of years, and if the sub Commissioners reduce these rents anything like 25 per cent., a cry of confiscation will be rightly raised, and Mr. Gladstone's declaration in the House of Commons relative to compensation will come to the front with irresistible force. A Liberal member of Parliament, who loyally supported the Land bill, writes that it is an unjust that rent be lowered because of waste and improvidence on the part of the tenant as that it be raised on his improvements. If the rent is to be reduced because of increasing age and feebleness of the tenant, the landlord should be compensated by the government.

Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, Home Rule member of Parliament for Dungarvon, also writes to the *Times* pointing out that in the Castle Blaney and Enright cases the reductions of rents have already been appealed against, and that the landlords, acting unitedly, are accumulating a magnificent case for an appeal to Parliament for compensation.

Mr. O'Leary, member of the Fenian triumvirate, has written a letter from Paris declaring that while he maintains his principles and is resolved to combat England, he deprecates the maligning of Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone, he says, has given to Ireland a land act such as nobody a few years ago could have hoped for, and Mr. Forster is very much better than most of the Irish secretaries.

The newspapers all agree the Land League, as an organization, is dead, and shattered to pieces, beyond the probability of an early resurrection.

It is understood that the American Legation will take an early opportunity to thank the Government for the salute to the American flag when it was carried in the Lord Mayor's procession on Wednesday. The Legation has received letters from Mrs. Garfield to the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Hughes and Minister Lowell, thanking them for their expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

France.

The following is the composition of the new ministry: M. Gambetta, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs. M. Cazot, minister of justice. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, minister of the interior. M. Paul Bert, minister of public instruction. M. Rouvier, minister of commerce. M. Cochery, minister of posts and telegraphs. M. Allain-Targe, minister of finance. M. Compayon, minister of war. M. Goujard, minister of marine. M. Profit, minister of fine arts. M. Devès, minister of agriculture. M. Raynal, minister of works. President Grevy has signified his acceptance of the new ministry. The declaration of policy contains specific assurances in regard to the foreign policy; declares the necessity of revising the mode of electing senators, and advocates the introduction of *scrutin de liste*. It is thought that the new Cabinet will have a favorable effect on the relations between France and England, which have of late been somewhat strained.

Fever and other diseases continue among the French troops in Africa. The inhabitants of Kairwan have been disarmed. The quartering of French troops in a number of mosques and colleges has given great offence to the Tunisians. General Logerot strongly objected to the projected march to Gabes and thence to Susa, and only prepared to start on receiving stringent orders from Paris.

Germany.

The supplementary elections for members of the Reichstag show large liberal gains. Bismarck's threatened resignation of the Chancellorship has been withdrawn at the request of the Emperor, as everybody supposed it would be, and as he doubtless intended from the outset. The consequence will probably be a considerable extension of the almost absolute power which he already wielded.

A Berlin dispatch says: With the estimate of the cost for the incorporation of Hamburg in the Zollverein, a memorial will be submitted to the Reichstag stating that the former political objections to the measure have fallen to the ground. It is believed that the Reichstag will be dissolved if it refuses to vote the necessary funds.

Russia.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that the indictment drawn up against the three high police officials who failed to discover the Little Garden Street mine, charges that their negligence contributed toward the death of the Czar.

Railway traffic in central Russia is greatly impeded by snow, which has prevented the sowing of winter wheat, especially in the Government of Kharkoff.

General Items.

Mr. Blaine's note on the control of the Panama Canal by the United States has been the subject of discussion in the Spanish Cortes.

Said Pasha and General Wallace, United States Minister, have amicably arranged the incident of the arrest of M. Kavass at the American Consulate at Salonica for brigandage. The Governor of Janonica has delivered M. Kavass to the American Consul, conformably with the demand of General Wallace, and the Consul has placed M. Kavass at the disposal of the Porte for trial, on condition that the trial be by the ordinary tribunal and not by court martial, the Consul to be represented at the trial. The American frigate which was at Salonica has left that place.

There have been serious earthquakes at Chios, and the village is sinking into the earth. The inhabitants have fled.

Advices from Cape Coast Castle, dated October 16, state that information has been received there that the King of Ashantee has killed two hundred young girls for the purpose of using their blood for mixing mortar for the repair of one of the State buildings. The report of the massacre was received from a refugee, who was to have been one of the victims. It receives some confirmation, also, in the fact that such wholesale massacres are known to be a custom with the King.

Cholera has broken out with fearful violence among the pilgrims to Mecca.

Immense defalcations amounting to over $10,-000,000 have been discovered in the Cuban Treasury.

The Mikado of Japan has announced the establishment of constitutional government with a Representative Assembly, to go into operation in nine years.

REMARKABLE CHANGE.—The marvelous revitalizing power of Compound Oxygen is shown in the following report of a patient: "Appetite better; get hungry and can eat a hearty meal; feel stronger, and can walk with ease and breathe free, even when going up hill; sore throat left entirely; chest feels free; cough very little when going to bed, and sleep better; have no cough after night when waking up, and no more bleeding since using the treatment." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16, 1881.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton*; GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19 *Poultry and Game*; H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams*; C. C. CHAMBERLIN & CO., Nos. 79 & 81, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs*; SANIS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables*; SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish*; GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₰ ℔—		Cheese, ₰ ℔	15 @ 20
Lump	30 @ 36	Neufchatel, each	3 @ 3
Prime tub	23 @ 28	Eggs, ₰ doz	30 @ 35
2d quality	20 @ 22	Cape	33 @ 35
common	17 @ 19		

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₰ bbl	2 00 @ 4 50	Catawba, ₰ ℔	10
₰ pk	50	Concords, ₰ ℔	08
Cocoanuts, each	5 @ 8	Lemons, ₰ doz	20 @ 40
Cranberries, ₰ qt	12 @ 15	Oranges, ₰ doz	50 @ 60
Grapes, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15	Pineapples, ₰ pk	1 00 @ 1 25

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₰ ℔	25 @ 40	Prunes, ₰ ℔	10 @ 20
Apples, ₰ ℔	8 @ 12	Peaches, ₰ can	20 @ 25
Castanas, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15	₰ qt can	50
Citron, ₰ ℔	20 @ 25	Raisins, layer	2 25 @ 3
Dates, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15	keg, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15
Figs, ₰ ℔	15 @ 40	Shagbarks, ₰ qt	8
Filberts, ₰ ℔	15 @ 20	Walnuts, English	15 @ 20
Peanuts ₰ qt	10 @ 15	Naples	20 @ 25
Pecans ₰ ℔	20	Zante currts, ₰ ℔	10 @ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ₰ pk	87	Potatoes, ₰ pk	30 @ 35
Beets, ₰ pk	35	₰ bushel	1 @ 1 25
Cabbages, each	5 @ 25	₰ barrel	2 @ 2 25
Carrots, ₰ pk	25	Sweet, ₰ ℔	4 @ 5
Cauliflowers, each	15 @ 25	Salsify, bch	10 @ 12
Celery, ₰ bch	10 @ 25	Sage and Thyme—	
Lettuce ₰ head	10 @ 12	₰ bunch	6
Mushrooms, ₰ ℔	75 @ 1 00	Squashes—	
Onions, ₰ pk	40	Marrow, ₰ ℔	3
Parsnips, ₰ pk	40	Hubbard, ₰ ℔	3
Peas, split, ₰ qt	10	Turnips, ₰ pk	35

Meats—Fresh.

Beef, ₰ ℔—		Lard, leaf	12 @ 14
Sirloin steak	23 @ 28	Tried	13 @ 17
Round do	20 @ 25	Mutton—	
Rib, roast	15 @ 25	Legs, ₰ ℔	14 @ 17
Chuck rib	6 @ 12	fore qr, ₰ ℔	8 @ 11
Plate and navel	3 @ 6	chops	15 @ 20
Soup pieces	3 @ 4	Pork, ₰ ℔	8 @ 12
Liver	8 @ 10	Roast and steaks	13
Hearts, ₰ ℔	3 @ 4	Suet, ₰ ℔	3 @ 4
Hogs, round, ₰ ℔	5	Kidney, ₰ ℔	3 @ 4
Haslet, sheep, ea	5	Veal, hd qr	14 @ 17
Lamb—		fore qr	8 @ 12
hind qr, ₰ ℔	13 @ 17	chops	20 @ 25
fore qr, ₰ ℔	8 @ 12	Sweetbreads	35 @ 40

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₰ ℔	12 @ 14	smoked, ea	75 @ 87
Bacon, ₰ ℔	11 @ 14	Sheep, do ₰ doz	50
Shoulders, ₰ ℔	10 @ 12	Beef, feet, ₰ ℔	3 @ 4
Salt, ₰ ℔	10 @ 12	sausage, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ₰ ℔	6 @ 12	Bologna, ₰ ℔	10 @ 13
Smoked, ₰ ℔	12 @ 15	Tripe, ₰ ℔	10 @ 12
Tongues, ₰ ℔	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₰ ℔	20 @ 25	Pigeons, ₰ doz	3 00
Ducks, ch'ce, ₰ ℔	15 @ 20	squabs, ₰ pr	75 @ 1 00
Black, ₰ pr	1 00 @ 1 25	Pigs, suck'g, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ₰ ℔	15 @ 20	quarter, ₰ ℔	10 @ 15
Geese, ₰ ℔	19	Quail, ₰ doz	3 00
Green, ₰ ℔	20 @ 25	turkeys,	
Grouse, ₰ pr	1 50 @ 1

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion,	*12 cts. per line.*	
Each subsequent insertion,	*8* "	"
Business Notices, first "	*15* "	"
Each subsequent "	*12* "	"
Reading Matter Notices, . . .	*50* "	"

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

. . . gentlemen, who authorized Agents NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscriptions in the following Counties in

. . . , WORCESTER CO., MASS.
. . . , ORANGE CO., VT.
. . . , ORLEANS, FRANKLIN, GRAND ISLE, and ADDISON COS., VT.
. . . , GRAFTON CO., N. H.
. . . , FRANKLIN CO., MASS.
. . . , CHESHIRE CO., N. H.

. . . to forward their subscriptions, waiting for the Agent to call. The date will always show how far they have paid.

Farmers' Directory.

Cards appear in this column one month for $10.

CHAMBERLIN & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE AND LARD,
No. 1 and 2 Faneuil Hall Market,
BOSTON.

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

. . . of the New York "Tweed Ring" . . . served out his term of imprisonment . . . released, the fine of $1000 . . . imposed upon him, being remitted.

. . . Mrs. Louise Thompson of Portland, . . . the identical battle flag which was carried by her husband, now deceased, Captain of the First Maine Regiment. This flag was made and presented by the ladies of New Orleans to a company composed of the first men of that city. It is quite large, is trimmed with silver fringe, and with the stars in the middle, and bears the motto, "Mrs. Thompson desires to know the whereabouts or name of the regiment to which the banner belonged, in order that it may be returned to its former owners as an act of courtesy on the part of the citizens of the Grand Army of the Republic."

. . . William Hunt, an eminent surgeon of Boston, in a review of President Garfield's case in a medical journal, says that a bullet passing through the President's wound was a mere contusion, and that if the bullet had been found it would have been ready for his use on the day of the operation. Perforation is reported as recently as the President's case was mismanaged, and that with proper care he would have lived.

. . . *Standard* contradicts a report of $3000 has been made Shelly, the brave . . . a passenger train . . . night. The entire . . . is $800 35.

. . . the Prince Imperial . . . intended should be . . . Abbey, has now been . . . put up in the Brave . . . St. George's, at . . . who have seen the . . . a very beautiful . . . that it will be . . . highly worthy of the . . . designed. Queen . . . windows of this . . . stained glass, and . . . designs which have . . .

. . . that the . . . of re- . . . General . . . Administrator of . . . Howard of Burling- . . . already greatly . . . Howard Opera House . . . Children. As the . . . now $100,000, the . . . will be made to an institution . . . State. It is also said that . . . supplies another gift to . . . institution, the statistician of . . . agriculture, has resigned . . . because of his private busi- . . . succeeded by J. R. Dodge, . . . under the administration . . . generally. He . . .

. . . Following is Gov. Long's official . . . of Thanksgiving day.

. . . and ancient custom to set . . . a day for public thanksgiv- . . . Almighty God.

. . . John D. Long, governor, by . . . of the council, appoint Thurs- . . . day of November next . . . observance as a day . . . and acknowledge . . . for the many . . . during the year . . . and to implore . . . continuance of the . . . and the . . . and . . . and . . . and

Poetry.

From the Indiana Journal.

THE LEGEND OF HEISTERBACH.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

In the old convent of Heisterbach—
So runneth the legend quaint—
Dwelt the good monk Aloysius,
The favored of man and saint—

For his life was a beautiful service
Of prayer to the Lord above,
And heaven had answered his faithfulness
With a heart and a hand of love.

The voice of the poor came to him
In blessings from day to day,
For the golden touch of the goodly hand
That gladdened their lowly way.

And though on the curls of the children
His hand might not be laid,
He wept to hear them weeping—
Laughed with them when they played—

Yea oft in his darkened cloister,
When their voices wandered there,
He clasped them in dreams to his bosom,
And kissed them with lips of prayer.

But he thought: "Though I live in yearning
For the worldly joys denied,
The promise blest in the Holy Word
Shall keep me satisfied."

And he turned to the sacred volume
And read aloud: "One day
Is with the Lord as a thousand years,
And a thousand years as a day."

Though the text was old, it stirred him
With a doubt unknown before,
And he pondered long upon it,
Reading it o'er and o'er;

But ever its hidden meaning
Eluded his earnest quest,
And drove from his heart all patience,
And from his soul all rest.

He talked with his holy brothers,
But their counsel, all as vain,
Only the more perplexed him
In body and soul and brain.

And he turned, at last, from the gateway
Of the convent walls, and went
Wandering off in the forest wild,
Alone with his discontent,

Till he sank, on his aimless journey,
Like a weary child, and wept
In the lap of the green old mother,
Where his grief passed, and he slept—

Slept and awoke, recalling
Vaguely the words: "One day
Is with the Lord as a thousand years,
And a thousand years as a day."

Slept! Ah, me, for the slumber
That maketh all things well!—
To sleep and awake with a whispered prayer
Hearing the vesper bell!

He fared him back to the convent,
But the strange monk at the gate
That heard his clamoring, crossed himself
As he peered through the iron grate.

And the slothful bolts ground harshly,
And the chanting within grew dim,
And the monks that gathered about him there
Were all unknown to him.

When they asked him his name, and he answered
That he was Aloysius,
They listened in awe, and marveled
That he should answer thus;

For only by tradition,
They knew that name, they said,
Since three hundred years, as the record ran,
Aloysius had been dead.

Then Aloysius looked toward Heaven,
And, turning to them again,
The glory of God was on him,
And the miracle was plain;

And he said (God bless him—the holy man!)
"Poor brother who doubts and fears,
Could I give what the good Lord on ly can,
I would sleep for a thousand years."

The Story Teller.

From Time.

MR. BONFIG'S PROTEGE.

CHAPTER I.

Ebenezer Bonfig was a widower, between fifty and sixty years of age, fresh-colored and alert, exceedingly dapper and natty in his appearance, very well-to-do, and a member of one or two something more than respectable clubs. It had been long ago forgotten that Bonfig's father had made his fortune by the discovery and extensive sale of an esoteric compound known by the title of "Luncheon Pickle;" and the son had never been taunted on account of his sire's connection with trade—for he had left college, where, of course, the nickname of "Pickles" had been affixed to him. But Ebenezer was no tutt-hunter: not in the least ambitious or desirous of passing himself off for what he was not, and took the thing with great and undisturbed good humor till the term lost all trace of contemptuous expression, and became transformed into a kindly jocular epithet, used by his particular chums in moments of endearing expansion. After leaving college, Bonfig married, led an eve-, childless existence, mated to a lady of a temperament as calm and equable as his own, until death dissolved this stormless partnership, and left him to nurse in solitude a crowd of sweet and concordant memories.

Yet Ebenezer had one ruling passion—if indeed a sober, worthy crotchet deserves to be dignified by such a name. He doted on music and musicians. He was a steadfast subscriber to the Italian opera, attended every philharmonic, sacred, and classic concert where good musical fare was a certainty, and was generally tolerably well posted up in operatic gossip. The storehouse of his recollections was rich with anecdotes of singers of world-wide fame, many of whom he had known personally in his younger days; and to get Bonfig on to his pet subject was a common trick, practised with considerable emotion by his friends at the club and elsewhere. "Sir," Ebenezer would say, his pleasant rubicund face glowing with modest triumph, "I had the honor of being on speaking terms with the great Malibran—the great Maria Malibran herself. We shall never see her like again. Patti, Nilsson, Tietjens, don't talk to me of any of them, sir; great artists in their way no doubt, who command our gratitude for the pleasure they give us, but not one of them a touch upon Malibran. That woman, sir, wasn't a woman at all when on the stage; she was an angel and a fury by turns, as the occasion required. Wonderful! wonderful! And do you know what she used, to keep herself up to the mark? Porter, sir good honest porter: she would drink a whole bottleful just before going on the boards; and, by gad, you should have seen the world of good it did her! What a power it gave her! I have handed her the glass she drank out of scores of times. That was a singer if you like, or I'm a Dutchman!"

A host of the best singers were all familiar personages to him. He had either known them from his stall at the opera house; or, what was even better, made their acquaintance at some of those celebrated garden parties, given by a still-well-remembered *impresario* of former days. Bonfig had contrived to make himself extremely popular in their society, and got to be received with a genuine smile of welcome, where men of high rank and title were only more or less tolerated on account of their social influence and standing. Indeed, on one or two delicate occasions, his good offices had been solicited to shake the unbending obduracy of some recalcitrant prima donna; and it was mainly due to his persuasive good humor and plausible serenity, that a storm in a tea-cup, which might have proved serious to managerial interests, was averted. Artists knew they had an enthusiastic, sincere little friend in him; ready to exult with them in their success, and to console them with graceful tact in their failure. His bouquets, flung with a superb flourish, and with unerring aim, were things to be remembered; and his honest face, beaming with undisguised rapture, was looked for as a sympathetic stimulus, a useful antidote to fashionable British frost.

It must not be supposed, however, that Bonfig was a master of the craft himself. He could not have deciphered a single bar of music to save his life; and was only known to have attempted to sing once, when he was so frightened by the hideously discordant sounds which came from him, that he retired quite disconcerted and upset. He simply had an unlimited capacity for appreciation; a reverent admiration for anything like a decent voice and the power of using it. He would have risen from a sick bed, rather than miss a performance of artistic consequence, and postponed his most pressing engagement to put himself at the disposal of a singer. The grasp of a peer's hand would not have afforded him a tithe of the gratification which a passing nod from Lablache gave him; and as for one of Malibran's smiles, he would not have bartered it for a kingdom. It was a mystery, too, whence he derived his extraordinary predilection. Bonfig senior's soul had never soared for an instant above pickles, and the account at his banker's; but then, to be sure, problems of greater intricacy remain to this moment unsolved.

After the death of his gentle companion, who, far from checking Ebenezer, had done her very best to share his enthusiasm, he still continued to interest himself in musical matters; but his interest grew less active, and found its vent rather more in the retrospective than in the present or prospective. The *impresario*, who had looked upon Bonfig in a measure as a counsellor and staunch ally, had found a successor; new artists had taken the place of the old, and Ebenezer—a Rip Van Winkle, in an old world become new, without his even having been asleep—was fain to content himself with making his appearance as usual in his stall, and indulging in regrets of a glorious past, whenever he got the chance of doing so. The modern school of song had, of course, degenerated in his opinion; and with it, the modern school of lyrical composition. He was a bitter anti-Wagnerite, and for the life of him he could not see what the public found to applaud in the music of "that confounded German," which to him was all noise and no melody.

CHAPTER II.

But he was shortly to be roused from this comparative state of apathy. One day he called upon an old college friend, home from India, and staying at a boarding-house situated in one of the squares of the West-Central district. While the two were talking together amicably in the somewhat dingy drawing-room, Bonfig became suddenly disgracefully inattentive to the conversation, and strangely absorbed in listening to the sound of a voice which seemed to shoot up from somewhere about the basement of the house.

It was, however, a voice well worthy of attention. A man's voice of pronounced tenor quality, rich, strong, agreeable and of extreme purity; one of those voices which, in ordinary sized rooms, shake the chandelier glasses, and cause a sense of vibration in the diaphragm of the listener; but which, in a large hall, lucky in its acoustics, swell into harmoniously-regulated waves of sound, as full and majestic as the notes of a church organ.

Bonfig's eyes twinkled with excitement.

"Hark!" he said, "someone is singing; you didn't tell me you had an artist in the house."

"Pooh! it's no artist! it's only Louis, the servant or waiter, whatever you may call him," answered Ebenezer's friend contemptuously. The voice was clearly neither a novelty nor a pleasure to him.

"A waiter!" exclaimed Bonfig indignantly. "A man with a voice like that a waiter! Do be quiet for a moment, Jones, I want to listen."

The musician went on, serenely unconscious of an audience. He was singing one of those Italian ditties, so greatly in vogue at the time when the youth of Italy shouldered guns and marched out to fight and die for freedom and unity.

> Addio mio bella addio,
> L'Armata se ne va;
> Se non partisi anch'io
> Sarebbe una vilta.

It was evident, too, that the performer was doing something else besides merely singing; and, judging from the occasional jerkiness of his notes, it might be shrewdly surmised that he was cleaning knives, or boots, or at all events throwing his arms about with some energy.

"A Guiglini! a Tamberlik! a Negrini!" murmured honest, easily-moved Mr. Bonfig, getting up from his seat excitedly and pacing the room, "There isn't a man who can boast of a voice like that on the stage at the present moment. I say, Jones, I should like to see this wonder; I must see him; ring for him to come up here at once, there's a good fellow."

"You want to see Louis?" asked Ebenezer's friend, not a little aghast at this sudden, unexpected freak.

"Yes, why not?" said Bonfig almost fiercely.

"Nothing, only that—do you really mean it?"

"Mean it! of course I do!" said Ebenezer emphatically. "You have no objection, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, not the slightest objection," replied Jones, rising and touching the bell.

The singing ceased, and after a brief interval there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Jones, who had barely recovered from his surprise.

A young fellow entered, dressed in the ordinary garb of a servant to a "genteel" household. His not over-clean shirt-front frayed at the edges, and his dress-coat, disfigured by shiny patches, showed that he was kept a great deal more for use than for ornament; and that small wages and extreme hard work evidently allowed him but a scanty margin both of time and money for personal decoration.

Bonfig, however, was not ill-pleased by the appearance of the man, apart from his clothes. He was above the average height, strongly built, with a deep full chest, and broad shoulders to match; a substantial well-shaped neck, surmounted by a dark-complexioned face, set off by a well-cared-for black moustache; and the whole topped by a mop of thickly-fibred hair, rendered as luxuriant and glossy as cheap grease could make it. The expression of the face was genial and good tempered, and the eyes were bright and by no means lacking in intelligence. He was a foreigner, and obviously an Italinn, to the trained eye.

"You did ring?" he asked, looking at Jones.

"Yes: ahem! There you are, Bonfig, there's your man."

Mr. Bonfig smiled pleasantly. "My friend," he said, "was that you singing below just now?"

The servant appeared a trifle sheepish and disconcerted. When people rang for him in this way, it was generally to order a bottle of beer, or a brandy and soda, not to ask him whether he had been singing. The amiable widow lady who owned and managed the boarding-house objected to his making a noise, and had told him so plainly on different occasions. His interrogator, however, did not look angry; but on the contrary smiled most genially.

"Yes, sir," he answered, bashfully.

"You have a fine voice, a very fine voice," said Mr. Bonfig; "your singing gave me great pleasure—extreme pleasure."

The unfortunate waiter scarcely knew what to do under this running fire of praise. He shifted his body about uneasily, and his face broke out into a foolish smile.

"A man with such a voice as yours ought to do something better than what you are doing," remarked Mr. Bonfig, sententiously; "you are wasting a precious gift, my friend."

"Eh! what can I do, sir?" replied the poor fellow, feeling that he was expected to say something.

"I have been a *ameriere* all my life; I must work for my living."

"Such is the irony of fate," mused Mr. Bonfig in silence, contemplatively rubbing his nose. "Here is a man with a priceless jewel, and he is too poor and too friendless to turn it to its proper account. How many village Rubinis and mute inglorious Donizellis have been lost to art in this way!"

An awkward and ridiculous silence threatened the interview. The restless Jones, who did not in the least enter into his friend Ebenezer's feelings, came, however, to the rescue.

"You'll drink something, Bonfig, won't you? Here, Louis, you can bring up a couple of bottles of Bass and some glasses. Bass is the best thing they've got here; I can't recommend the wines."

A quick transformation took place, and the nervous musician magically altered into the brisk attentive waiter.

"Yes, sir; two bottles of Bass," he said, moving to the door, very glad no doubt to escape.

Ebenezer began to nurse a project in his brain, till his meditations were interrupted by the reappearance of Louis with the beer.

"Louis?" Bonfig asked, "is that your name?"

"Yes, sir; Luigi Caffarelli; I am called Louis, because madame she give me that name."

"Well, Luigi, here is my card, said Ebenezer, taking out his case; "do you think you could spare the time to give me a call one evening this week? I want to have a talk with you."

"Yes, sir," answered the Italian, not a little surprised.

"Let me see, today is Tuesday; well say on Thursday—would that day suit you?"

Luigi scratched his head thoughtfully. "If madame will give me the permission, yes, sir."

"I don't suppose she will refuse; Thursday then. We will have a little serious conversation. That voice of yours ought certainly to have fair play."

Jones by this time had got to look upon his friend as a sort of harmless monomaniac. He listened with a shrug of his shoulders, and a deprecatory shake of his head.

Luigi, after he had drawn the corks and poured out the beer, waited to see if anything more was wanted, and then prepared to leave the room.

"Thursday, then, don't forget!" cried Bonfig to him, as he went out; "I shall wait for you all the evening."

"Yes, sir," replied Luigi, bowing at the door. He clearly did not know what to make of it all, but there could be no harm in saying "Yes, sir," to everything; besides, it was the only answer that suggested itself to him.

After bidding his friend good-by, and on his way home, Ebenezer developed still further the project he had conceived. Here was he, a man of means, of ample means, possessed of money that was lying fallow and of no earthly benefit to anyone; and there was a poor devil of an Italian, with a remarkably fine voice, only needing culture and training to make the fortune of its owner. Why should not he, Bonfig, interest himself and expend some of his superfluous capital in giving the fellow a chance? There was the material in the shape of a voice to work upon; the man was good-looking—the picture of an Elvino—and he seemed intelligent. Supposing he did throw away a couple of hundreds? Count Pucke had done more for Jenny Lind; and what would Christine Nilsson, the Swedish nightingale, have been for M. Torncrhielm?—a street musician, peripatetic songstress, wasting her sweetness on boors in village pothouses, instead of charming the most highly civilized and difficult audiences in Europe! Sweden had given a good example in two cases; England should do the same. He, Bonfig, would do something substantial for the art. He settled in his mind who should be Luigi's first instructor, and very firmly decided upon giving his scheme a good trial. He hadn't a living relative; was free to dispose of his money as he pleased, and if his project failed he could compensate Luigi in some way for loss of time, and procure him another situation.

CHAPTER III.

The Italian waiter was true to his word. Permission to leave his work for an hour or two had been grudgingly granted to him; and having substituted a frock-coat, sadly needing repairs, for his shabby waiter's swallow-tailed garment, he sallied forth to Mr. Bonfig's chambers, near Piccadilly.

"Sit down, my friend," said Ebenezer, eyeing him benevolently, "and take a glass of wine! You needn't be afraid of it; it is your own Italian Chianti. I got it out expressly for you."

Cheered by the mild beam of Mr. Bonfig's glance, Luigi sat down on the edge of a chair, and sipped, with the air of a timid connoisseur, the wine which had been poured out for him.

"I hope you find it good," said Mr. Bonfig; "it is generally considered pretty fair tipple; I have had it in bottle these four years."

The Italian not knowing how to thank his host, took refuge in his native language, and murmured something about the signore being *troppo buono*.

"And now, my good friend," said Ebenezer, "I want to talk to you seriously. You were singing very nicely the other day; I need scarcely ask whether you are fond of music?"

"I am Italian," said Luigi simply.

"A fitting answer, a most fitting answer, to be sure," remarked Mr. Bonfig smiling. "You are Italian; one of a race which has produced the greatest singers and musicians in the world. You are an Italian, and I like the tone of pride, the very natural tone of pride, in which you have answered. Now, what would—what would you say to becoming a singer?" he added, abruptly, throwing back his head and looking Luigi full in the face.

The waiter, taken by surprise at this unexpected question, was at a loss for words. He contented himself with gazing vacantly on Mr. Bonfig.

"Of course, don't misunderstand me," continued Ebenezer; "I don't mean that you should go and sing on the stage at once. I mean that you should put yourself under the care of a properly qualified teacher, and devote your time to study, for a year, two years, three years; in short, until culture and training shall have rendered you sufficiently perfect to take the place which I consider your natural advantages entitle you to."

Luigi smiled; he actually smiled. "How can I do all that, sir?" he said; "I am very poor."

"I know, I know," replied Bonfig, almost impatiently, as though desirous of touching as little as possible on the subject of the young fellow's means; "but we mustn't let that stand in the way of a gain to the stage. I am very interested in matters of art; your voice struck me as far too good to be lost for want of a little help. Listen, I am going to speak plainly—take another glass of wine while I am talking. I am in a position to do what you can't, without the least inconvenience to myself. Leave your present state of life, study with a good master, and I venture to prophesy a brilliant career for you. The mere question of expense need not trouble you; I charge myself with that, and you won't be under the slightest obligation to me; on the contrary, I shall be the obliged, as every success you achieve in the future will reflect an honor upon me. Singers are my hobby, you know," he added by way of apology.

Luigi didn't understand what a hobby was, but what he clearly understood was that a benevolent, tidy-looking old gentleman was offering to release him from the drudgery of waiting day and night upon a crowd of exacting, difficultly-pleased, and often extremely quarrelsome and inconsiderate men and women. Visions of a happy existence, such as he sometimes secretly dreamed of, came before him. Singing all day, well fed, well clothed, and decently lodged. Could it all be real?

"You would do that for me, sir?" he said, looking up with moistened eyes.

Mr. Bonfig repeated his statement emphatically. It was by no means an easy task to persuade the simple Italian that there was indeed a person to be found in the world rich enough and willing to saddle himself with another man, and put him in the way of entering upon a new life. But Ebenezer argued with such skill and tact; quoted so many examples of artists, in almost identical positions, having accepted the same friendly aid, and turned out a blessing and a credit; put the thing so carelessly in the light of a mere trifling service, utterly unworthy of even a thank you, that Luigi was convinced at last into uttering a grateful consent. It was agreed that he should quit his place with all possible speed, take a lodging, and put himself at Mr. Bonfig's disposal. At the end of the interview, a few five pound notes filled the waiter's soul-cup to overflowing. In his wildest dreams he had never realized the possession of so much money. He became positively speechless through gratitude.

By-and-by Mr. Bonfig was able to congratulate himself upon his deed. Luigi proved to be the steadiest and best of fellows, and did his utmost to justify the confidence placed in him. He was a Lombard, from the hilly districts of Como, and had much of the mountaineer's simplicity and rugged honesty of thought, coupled with indomitable industry and a fair amount of intelligence. His singing master grew rapturous on the subject of his voice, and announced that it would be a matter of no great difficulty to make an artist of a man endowed with a quick and true musical ear, and an earnest desire to make progress. The ex-waiter applied the whole force of his intellect to mastering the intricacies of crochets and quavers, breves and semi-breves; and learned in a few months, by sheer dint of application, to read the black notes of a vocal score very fairly at first sight. Time and tune came naturally to him, like prose to the Bourgeois Gentilhomme; and he displayed an unexpected readiness in acquiring the subtle grace and finish, the faculty of imparting light and shade to singing, which make good artists. It was rather too late, of course, to mould him into a profound musician; but he would, with time and experience, know as much as most operatic singers are expected to know, and his splendid voice would make up for the rest.

Mr. Bonfig was in ecstacies. He often sat in the room whilst his protege was taking his lesson, and listened with open mouth, his bosom inflating with secret pride and joy. "Spirto gentil," moved him beyond expression, and Luigi's singing of "Una furtiva lagrima" did, in fact, bring a hidden tear to good old Bonfig's eyes. Mario and Rubini seemed to him entirely eclipsed.

On one or two occasions, Ebenezer linked his arm in that of the Italian, and introduced him boldly into society. The ex-waiter, clean, well-nourished, and well dressed, looked a very different personage, and his singing made him extremely welcome in a drawing-room. Besides, there was a quiet, natural dignity about the man, which successfully fought against early habits and early training. Like an old cavalry horse harnessed to a cab, and rearing at the sound of a street band, he might turn his head rather too suddenly when a call for refreshments was made; but he quickly remembered himself again, and checked his impulse. He was also, it might be thought, a little too obsequious in his politeness; but, then, who was I, modern ladies and gentlemen forgive in a man who is a "signor," and who sings?

One day, Mr. Bonfig deemed the time had arrived to complete his plans for the education of Luigi. He would take him to Italy, where certain finishing lessons from a celebrated *maestro*, and a necessary course of dramatic and stage instruction, would render him fit to open his professional campaign, and reveal to the world a new tenor. Mr. Bonfig understood that the *maestro* in question had the talent of pushing promising pupils, and that his recommendation alone was sufficient to induce managers to come forward with brilliant offers. He spoke of his intentions to his protege, and then it was that he learned for the first time that Luigi had a "sweetheart."

She was some little humble work-girl, whom the Italian had known and "kept company" with, in the days when he was poor and friendless. His change of fortune had not altered his affections, and the two were now anxious to marry. Luigi would do nothing without the sanction and consent of his benefactor, but he pointed out respectfully that he was very much in love, and that they had been waiting hopefully for a long time; and that now, with this journey to Italy before him, he felt emboldened to state his case, and to ask permission to be allowed to take her with him as his wife. She would be no additional expense; the sum Mr. Bonfig paid over to him was liberal enough to maintain three wives, not to speak of one.

This was Mr. Bonfig's first touch of grief, after a long and uninterrupted period of happiness. He had never dreamed of Luigi being, like other young men, subject to the affluence of blood to the heart, which is called love. He had formed pet theories of his own on the score of artists, and one of them was that celibacy was a desirable qualification. He looked rather grave, therefore, when his protege laid bare this new phase of his character.

"You desire to marry, my friend," he said. "The feeling is natural, very natural at your age, I admit; but let me ask you, have you given this matter serious consideration?"

Luigi replied that his affection for the young woman was the growth of years, and that one of the ambitions of his life was to make her his wife.

"Well, well," said Mr. Bonfig, "I suppose I ought not to be surprised, though I confess you have given me something of a shock. You see, Luigi, my friend, your position is considerably changed, now; you are in a fair way of becoming a somebody; your prospects in life are promising, exceedingly promising. Through your industry, good-will and natural capacities—which have surpassed my most sanguine anticipations—you are about to take a place in the world superior, far superior, I hope, to your past or present; and—and—don't you think, now, that a tie of the kind you mention, would—would—dear me! how shall I put it? Ahem! prejudice your future?"

Luigi, seeing that his patron scarcely approved of the contemplated union, bowed his head very sadly, and looked the picture of misery.

"Far be it from me," continued Ebenezer, who detested the thought of seeming unkind, "to seek to influence you in any way, or to appear to exert an authority to which I distinctly wish to have no claim. You are at liberty to act as you please; and I—I am merely offering you the counsel of a friend. This—ahem!—this young person—a most lovable girl in other respects, no doubt—is—is, I imagine, scarcely fit to take her place in the world to which you will have a right to belong; don't you think that if you could—if you could now, say, go to Italy alone, and see how you bear absence from her for a little while, come to a better and calmer experience of this affection?"

Mr. Bonfig was obviously getting a little entangled, and paused, relieved by the idea that he had contrived to convey his meaning.

Luigi still hung his head very low. "I love her," he said, simply, "and she loves me; I shall always love her, and she will always love me."

"Yes, yes, no doubt," said Ebenezer, trying to smile; "that is how lovers talk as a rule, I believe. Well, let us drop the subject for the present, and consider that I have said nothing. I—I don't wish to influence you in the matter at all; you are free to dispose of yourself as you please. The news has come upon me rather suddenly, that's all; and that is why I have spoken. We can resume the conversation another time—another time, my friend."

In the evening Mr. Bonfig's laundress entered his sitting-room, and intimated, with matronly indignation, that there was a "young person" waiting in the hall, who desired to see him.

"Somebody wishing to see me?" asked Ebenezer.

"Yes, sir, a young person." Ominous emphasis on the word "person."

"Dear me! who can it be?" said Mr. Bonfig, puzzled, and positively blushing under the severe glance of his attendant. "Are you quite sure there is no mistake, Mrs. Partington?"

"No, it ain't no mistake," said the virtuous female; "she asked for you, right enough."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Bonfig, once more. "Well, I—I suppose you had better ask her to come in."

The laundress sailed out with a stately sweep, and in another minute led in a timid, poorly, but neatly clad young girl.

"Pray be seated," said Mr. Bonfig courteously, though a trifle nervous and confused.

The new-comer seemed evidently in some sore distress of mind.

"Oh, sir," she said, half inclined to burst into tears, "I hope I haven't done wrong in coming, but I couldn't stay at home any longer without easing my heart."

"Try and collect yourself, my child," said Mr. Bonfig, paternally.

"You are the gentleman who has been so good to Louis?" she asked. "Oh, sir, I am his sweetheart, and I have come to tell you what a bad, wicked girl I am, and to ask you to forgive me and not to be angry with Louis!" And she began to cry bitterly.

"Don't give way, my child," said Bonfig, kindly, "tell me your sorrow, and if there is anything I can do—"

"It's all on my account that he's displeased you," continued the girl. "It's all my fault; it was I who pressed him to marry me; you see, sir, we've been waiting a long while, and his going away all those miles seemed as if he would forget me, and I should never see him any more, and I'm so fond of him! I worried him into it, but I can see now that a poor ignorant girl like me isn't fit for him, and I've come to tell you that I give him back his promise, and will never see him again! I hadn't the heart to tell him this afternoon, so I've come to tell you." A wild fit of sobbing, no longer to be restrained, seized her, and she broke down.

Mr. Bonig had never despised himself so much as he despised himself now. He was a villain! a scoundrel! that's what he was; and, what is more, he had been trying to make villains of others. What right had he to interfere in the love affairs of these two young people? What right had he to break the heart of the pretty, decently-spoken girl, crying her eyes out before him? Did he think because he had been helping a man on a bit in life—actuated more by foolish vanity than any real honest motive—that he had the right to be the arbiter of two existences, to settle impertinently the fate of a strong and honorable attachment? Wasn't marriage a natural thing? Hadn't he, Bonfig, been married and happy? He thanked Heaven, however, that the girl had had the good sense to come to him in good time. He would set matters right at once.

"Don't cry any more, there's a good child," he said, tenderly patting the girl's shoulder. "I am not in the least angry with Louis; I never was, and you shall marry him tomorrow, if you like; only don't cry any more, my dear, I can't bear to see you crying." Extremely affected, the old gentleman blew his nose vigorously. "Dry your eyes like a sensible girl," he continued; "I shall ask Louis to-morrow to forgive me, and you shall both marry and go to Italy together. I alone am to blame in all this; I'm an old tool, and I know it, only don't cry any more."

His persuasions by degrees had their effect, and the young woman soon recovered her spirits, and left with her heart full of gratitude and veneration for her sweetheart's benefactor. Luigi, whose whole being had been racked by the torments of love, and the consciousness of his obligations to Mr. Bonfig, nearly broke down the next day, at this further proof of his patron's goodness, and swore loudly that there was not a nobler man on the face of the earth. The two married, and Ebenezer, who had come down very handsomely, and insisted upon giving the girl a check representing four figures, as a wedding gift, accompanied them to Italy, and exerted himself actively on his protege's behalf. In six months Luigi made his appearance in Milan, as *Edgardo*; causing a real, genuine *furore*, and Mr. Bonfig's dream was realized.

CHAPTER IV.

From that day, fame and success showered their sweetest smiles upon the ex-waiter. He sang at the prisipal Italian and French theatres, and Mr. Bonfig, who had returned to England, read of these triumphs in the newspapers with exulting eagerness—till a disaster happened which absorbed his whole thoughts and time.

The City of Glasgow Bank failed, and Mr. Bonfig, who was one of the principal shareholders, found himself a beggar. Not a beggar in a comparative sense, but a beggar in the fullest and sternest acceptation of the term. He was one of the "one thousand ruins" brought about by that celebrated concern. He was the soul of honesty, and surrendered every farthing; he was the soul of pride, and morbidly shunned all his friends, biding himself, and endeavoring to earn daily bread. But what could this poor old gentleman do, amidst the cruel press and strife of the coarser millions, fighting for a bare existence? He had been accustomed to the easy life of a man of means; he knew not one of the thousand practical forms of work by which money may be earned; he was timid and keenly sensitive, and he was getting very old. His spirit was broken. He became like a man in a dream.

Not even he himself could have told you how he contrived, day by day, to prolong an existence which had become a burden to him. It was a bitter dream to him, and he lived in it; and it must have been while his thoughts were in this Upas-scented dreamland, that he found himself, one sunny June day, in Regent street, slowly walking, one of a chain of men, by the side of the curbstones, bearing strapped to his shoulders a flaming poster, announcing a performance at the Opera House, and the appearance of a new singer.

Admit that Dame Fortune can be brutally cynical when she likes. She had so willed it that by a strange fatality the man who had been the declared friend of a host of past celebrities, and the constant and liberal supporter of the opera, should be turned, in his declining years, into its "sandwich!" Yes, that is to what the poor old gentleman had come. Reduced to the very verge of starvation, there soon came the moment when he did not know how to procure even the hardest of crusts, without seeking the cold charity of a workhouse. One day, whilst lingering—taking good care, however, to avoid observation—near the door of the Opera House, he noticed a motley group of ill-dressed men shambling in and out of the dark and narrow side entrance. They went in free from burden, and came out again loaded with huge placarded boards. Bonfig timidly ventured to question one of these men, and, such is the freemasonry of sorrow, got to be in a very short time, on the confidential terms of a fellow "mate" with him.

"I'm a sandwich man, that's wot I am," said his newly-formed acquaintance, in a hoarse, foggy voice. "And I gets a shillin' a day for the carrying of this yere board. It's a 'ard life, mate, but it's better nor the workus, and I can allus get my two pennorth of rum, and a blow out o' taters."

It was, indeed, a hard life, as Bonfig himself experienced, when, driven by absolute despair, he placed himself under the tutelar guidance of his not unkindly companion in misfortune, and just kept body and soul miserably together day after day. Bonfig, with his white hair streaming from under his battered hat; his shabby clothes showing, in spite of their decay, a feeble attempt at tidiness and cleanliness, was still recognizable, and he trudged along, one of a crew of broken-down, loafing, drunken, abject-looking men, with that stony expression on his face, which intense suffering and misery have the power of imparting to the bravest and best resigned.

As a contrast, there came walking on the same side of the way, a big, stout, good-looking, well-dressed, swarthy, bearded fellow—a foreigner, you could tell by the cut of him—seemingly glad to ascertain, as a matter of fact, that England could boast of one day of sunshine at least, and pleased with the world at large, and with himself in particular. Such a happy, prosperous person, every fold of wh se coat seemed to proclaim in large letters the word "success," could have no possible reason for starting at the sight of a poor old ragged sandwich man, and yet he did.

He not only started, but he went close up to the old man, and looked straight into his face.

"*Cielo!*" he exclaimed. "Can it be? It is!"

Bonfig looked up in mute surprise. "Luigi," he said, calmly and gently, as though a few hours instead of years had separated them.

"Yes, Luigi," answered the other, tearing, in a frantic state of excitement, the poster from Mr. Bonfig's back, and kicking it into the road—a doubly meritorious act, since it was his own name he was hurling in the dust. "This is why my letters have never been answered! This is how my inquiries have all led to nothing! *Maria Madonna Santa!* Have I lived to see this?"

He hailed a passing cab, and lifted Bonfig bodily into it.

"*Povero amico! Creme dei galantuomini! Cuore d'oro!*" he exclaimed, unable to express his feelings in anything save his native language, and all but weeping over his old patron. "Have I, Luigi, *una cosa da niente!* lived to see my benefactor in such a state? Oh, you bad man to do this!" He shook his fist at him in downright good anger.

They drove to a substantial-looking house in Bloomsbury, and Bonfig soon found himself on a sofa, in a pleasant room, surrounded by the loving glances and affectionate caresses of Luigi and his wife. He listened to their story, his old smile gradually finding its way back to his lips. His protege had gone on progressing more and more; and now England was at last anxious to hear this marvel, and he had come.

In time, Mr. Bonfig rose mechanically to go.

"Where are you going?" asked Luigi, fiercely.

"Back to where you found me," said Ebenezer, feebly.

"*Maledizione!*" cried the Italian, with real fury. "You shall not stir one step! I forbid you! I will not let you! What should I have been but for you? You, my saint! my benefactor! This is a debt, a sacred debt. Look! you see me; if you do not consent at once to stay here, I will go and break my engagement, and never sing one more note. I will become Luigi the *cameriere* again! *Sacramento! Lo giuro!*"

Luigi's wife threw her arms round Mr. Bonfig's neck, and implored him with a daughter's warmth to stay.

Ebenezer, weak from waning strength and want of food, sank exhausted on the sofa.

"I must not stand in the way of art," he said, smiling his old smile, yet with a real tear swimming in his eyes. "England shall hear you."

General Miscellany.

For the New England Farmer.

WINTER VERSES.

BY ANNE G. HALE.

Clouds of grey November lower;
Winds among the leafless trees,
And through every faded bower,
Sound their saddest symphonies,
Or across the stormy plain,
And along the lonely mere,
Mutter 'mid the sleet and rain—
"Gloomy winter draweth near."

Gloomy winter! Say not so,
Cold, ungrateful autumn wind!
Hearts their sternest, bitterest wo
In their own despondence find.
Joy, whate'er the season, waits
Every hopeful soul to cheer;
Captious, croaking doubt creates
Heaviest lot for mortals here.

Let us say when winter comes—
"God be thanked for life and health,
And the love that fills our homes!"
Be our portion want, or wealth;—
Day by day, mayhap, our bread
Scantly from His store may fail,
Yet His mighty hand is spread
Wide in blessings over all.

So when storms come howling round,
And the snows are drifting high,
Count the mercies that abound—
God's free gifts that near us lie.
There will be no time nor room
Then for murmuring complaint,—
In the place of faithless gloom
Hope will rest, through all, content.

FLAMINGOES.

The appearance of a flock of flamingoes is one of startling magnificence. Seen from afar, wading or swimming in the inlets of salt marshes—for the flamingo loves best to keep near the sea coast—one would think that an immense army of red-coated soldiers was encamped there, instead of a flock of harmless, defenceless birds. In South America the flamingo is called the "soldier-bird" by the natives; and Humboldt, the great German traveler and naturalist, relates a very amusing story, which he gives as an actual occurrence, illustrating the fitness of this name. A new township of Angostura had been formed; but the inhabitants were scarcely settled in their new homes when, one morning, a wild cry of alarm spread through the little village that an immense body of men in red garments, probably hostile Indians, was advancing. Such weapons as were at hand were hastily seized, and all the men rushed out to defend their homes. Suddenly the supposed hostile army rose in the air; and, forming a long line of flashing scarlet against the clear blue sky, took its course in the direction of the great salt marshes around the mouth of the Orinoco. Naturalists have encountered great difficulty in their attempts to study the habits of the flamingo in its native haunts—for it is a very shy and cautious bird, and no flock is ever found without a sentinel posted to give notice of the approach of danger. This is usually the largest, and, probably, the oldest and wisest, bird of the flock. At the least sound it lifts its large head as high in the air as its long neck will allow, and looks about on every side. If any boat or hunter is seen, the whole flock, with loud screeching, instantly vanish among the tall water grasses.

When the flamingo sleeps it draws one leg up among its breast feathers, and bending its neck backward, rests its head on the middle of its back, with the beak erect in the air or buried in its wing. It is a graceful, rapid swimmer, and flies easily, stretching its long neck before and its legs behind, like the crane and stork. Its nest is described by those naturalists who have been fortunate enough to see it, as an immense heap of mud and water grases in the depths of some solitary swamp, where the mother bird broods patiently for thirty days on her two glistening white eggs. When the little ones are hatched they take to the water immediately and swim about as lively as young ducks; but they are not strong enough to fly for some months, and not until they are three years old do they attain the full magnificence of their scarlet plumage. The harmless and peaceful flamingo has many enemies besides man. Beasts of prey are prowling abroad at night and pounce upon these birds while they are sleeping in their marshy homes. In the great South American swamps the ocelot is one of their most formidable foes. The ocelot is a very small member of the panther family, and is found in Mexico and all through the American tropics. It is a tawny-colored creature, covered with glistening black markings. It has the same habits as other members of its family, spending the day asleep in some secluded thicket, and roaming the forests at night and early dawn in search of birds and small animals.

BANANAS AND PLANTAINS.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat, or over one hundred acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains.

The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The platino mauzadito, is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. El platino guineo, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is sub-divided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our market; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics, that it is seldom eaten by them. El platino—known to us simply as the plantain—is also sub-divided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared